

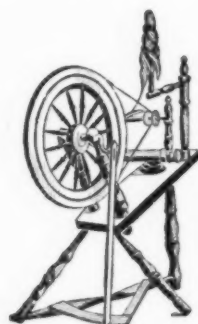
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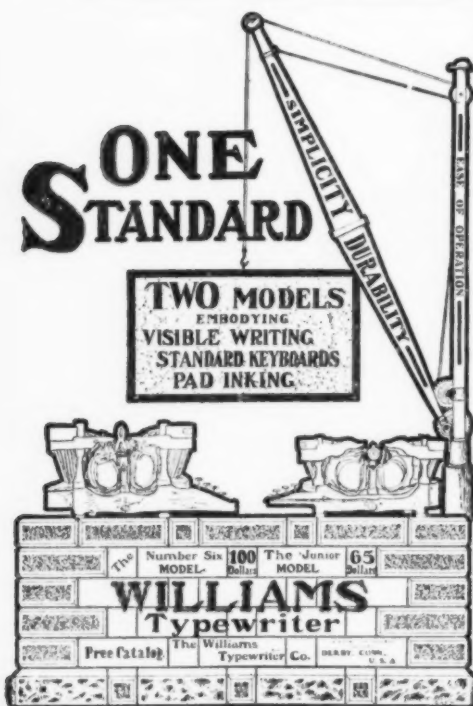
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No. 3187—Aug. 5, 1905.

FROM BEGINNING
Vol. CXLVI.

CONTENTS.

| | | | |
|-------------------|--|-------------------------|-----|
| I. | Scandinavia in the Scales of the Future. <i>By E. John Solano</i> | MONTHLY REVIEW | 323 |
| II. | Roses. <i>By the Rev. Canon Ellacombe</i> | CORNHILL MAGAZINE | 335 |
| III. | Ferdinand Fabre | CHURCH QUARTERLY REVIEW | 343 |
| IV. | The Sign of the Spider. <i>By C. Edwardes</i> . Chapter II. (To be continued.) | CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL | 351 |
| V. | Quaint Memories. <i>By E. Hessey</i> | MONTHLY REVIEW | 356 |
| VI. | That Wonderful Evening. <i>By L. B. Walford</i> | LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE | 362 |
| VII. | Cathedrals Old and New. <i>By Hugh B. Philpott</i> | MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE | 370 |
| VIII. | A Japanese Officer at Mukden | LONDON TIMES | 375 |
| IX. | America as a World-Power | OUTLOOK | 379 |
| X. | The Antiseptics of Conduct | SPECTATOR | 381 |
| A PAGE OF VERSE. | | | |
| XI. | The Ancestral Secret. <i>By Charles Dalmon</i> | ACADEMY | 322 |
| XII. | Pastoral. <i>By Katharine Tynan</i> | SPECTATOR | 322 |
| XIII. | Joy. <i>By Francis Annesley</i> | CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL | 322 |
| BOOKS AND AUTHORS | | | 388 |



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My father and mother both hid from
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The Wonderful Story of Romany;
And my forehead was signed with the
Christian sign
To quiet this Romany blood of mine.

But the Bird of the Secret flew out
from the wild
And told me that I was a Romany
child;
And my blood began dancing through
every vein
As the Wonderful Story grew mine
again!

O, I swear, by the crowns of the Wan-
dering Kings,
My blood shall run true to the Ancient
Things—
And the life I will live is the life of
the free,
For my heart is the heart of a Romany!
Charles Dalmon.

Academy.

PASTORAL.

When a little farm I keep,
I shall tend my kine and sheep,
And my pretty lambs shall fold
In deep pastures starred with gold.

On green carpets they shall tread,
Gold and purple be their bed,
Honeyed clover make their food
In a watered solitude.

Garden places I shall tend.
For a welcome to a friend
Make for him a roomy seat
By the box and privet sweet.

And my kitchen garden shall
Grow me fruits on tree and wall,
Give me blossoms in the spring
And an autumn gathering.

An old dial and a cote
Where the pigeons fly and float,
And a well so green and dim
Where the little fishes swim.

Hives of honey I shall own,
Bees with drowsy monotone

Toll all day to bring me home
Heather-honey at the gloam.

"Twixt the mountains and the sea
There my little farm will be.
In a heart-remembered spot
I shall have my happy lot.

In the heart-remembered place,
Where the mountains lift their face,
I shall tend my sheep and kine,
And a thankful heart be mine.

When a little farm I keep
I shall sleep the happiest sleep,
To my simple meals invite
Thanksgiving and appetite.

In the heart-remembered place
I shall wear a shining face,
And my quiet nights be praise,
And a prayer my innocent days.

Katharine Tynan.

The Spectator.

JOY.

When dawn's great oriflamme o'er-
spreads the sky
Dark night-born shadows steal like
ghosts away,
Delusions woven of gloom fade in the
day,
And earth renews her psalm of ecstasy.
Light, life, and peace—the threefold
magic spell—
Wakes golden morning, and without
alloy
Earth thrills responsive to God's gift
of joy,
Whilst all her myriad voices shout,
"All's well."

So is great Joy God's sunshine on the
soul,
Nor need the night of gloom and
shadows dim
Be still prolonged to hinder from the
goal
The striving soul which would return
to Him,
The source and spring of joy, who
freely gives
The sunshine of His joy to all that
lives.

Francis Annesley.

Chambers's Journal.

SCANDINAVIA IN THE SCALES OF THE FUTURE.

It were well for the shallow statesmen who regard the crises of current history as if they were shadows in the sun of a passing day—without the guiding force of consequence far into the future of a nation's life—to consider that the Scandinavian crisis of to-day is, in truth, an echo of the distant thunder of Napoleonic wars. For the union of Sweden and Norway may be said to have been born upon the battlefields of Europe. The personal hatred of Buonaparte which animated Gustavus IV. led him, reckless of consequence, to embroil Sweden with the great dominant power of the day. She paid the price in the loss of Finland, revenged herself by dethroning her king, and ultimately elected to her vacant monarchy that son of a French lawyer of Béarn who, in his youth, enlisted as a private in a regiment of marines, rose in time to the command of the armies as Marshal Bernadotte of France, and lived to rule a nation as King Charles XIV. of Sweden. In the great coalition campaigns of 1813 and 1814 Bernadotte, as King of Sweden, fought against Napoleon, and is said, with his Swedish contingent, to have decided the decrees of fate at the Battle of Leipzig. In the latter year he added Norway to his realm, thus compensating Sweden for the loss of Finland, of which Russia had despoiled her, and also for the subsequent cession of her Pomeranian territories to Prussia. This marriage of the Scandinavian States was registered at the Congress of Vienna, when Great Britain, Russia, and Prussia were parties to the contract—a fact which it is of interest to recollect at this moment. And now after ninety years this Union, cemented by unrest and war, was peacefully dissolved on June 8, 1905,

by the Norwegian Storting, and a new factor, pregnant with possibilities of deep consequence, passed quietly into the future of European peoples.

It is said in Stockholm that the ambiguity regarding the basis of the Scandinavian Constitution which has led to such mischievous results was due to the lawyer blood of Bernadotte, which caused him naturally to cloud phraseology. It is also said that he took warning from the dethronement of his predecessor, and, in accepting kingship from a people capable of unmaking kings, secured for himself an alternative throne through the Constitution of an "Independent" Norway. Whether it be deliberate or fortuitous, this ambiguity has given rise to a crisis, which, in the field of practical politics, is confined to Scandinavia. But the true significance and importance of this crisis lies in its relation to international polity. It is as the primary cause of a possible world-conflict consequent upon a future disturbance of the balance of international power that the Scandinavian quarrel assumes permanent importance and universal interest. For, if the forces of discord and disintegration finally undermine the constitution and sap the strength of the Scandinavian race, another nation will be added to those weak peoples of the world whose possession of natural wealth or positions of commercial advantage and strategic value excites the dominant nations to desire, and leads to that mutual jealousy and distrust among them which constantly imperils peace. Then, to those other dangerous zones of earth—Morocco, Turkey, Persia, and Manchuria, there may—at some future time—be added the Norwegian littoral.

The purely domestic issues of the

Scandinavian crisis have been fully dealt with by the respective champions of Norway and Sweden in the pages of an English journal. Both men have won world-fame as travellers—the one as a wanderer over the great ice-lid of earth, and the other as an explorer of the mysterious regions in the heart of Asia. But it is the latter, alone, who regards this question in its true perspective—from an international rather than a domestic point of view. Sven Hedin has warned both countries to guard, in this controversy, that essential condition of their common strength and independence—their unity—from peril consequent upon their quarrel. He has clearly defined this peril—which is incidental to the natural expansion of the Russian Empire.¹ And the fate of the weaker peoples on the fringe of Russian Empire to the east gives emphasis to the warning he addressed to the little States whose frontiers touch upon the fringe of Russian Empire to the west.

Sven Hedin bases his argument upon that well-known factor of world-policy—the quest of Russia for access to ice-free seas. This quest is the secret of her restlessness and policy of aggression. Its success is essential for her future destiny and for her economic development at the present time. The three main objectives of her quest, Sven Hedin asserts, lie east, south and west, in the three great oceans of the world, the Pacific—the Indian—and the Atlantic. They are the Yellow Sea, the Persian Gulf and the Lyngen Fjord. In regard to the southern objective, which lies upon the flank of Hindustan, Russia encounters the opposition of the world-power of Great Britain. In the east, the instinct of self-preservation has compelled Japan to confront Russia with the opposition of armed force, with

the result that Russia is driven from the goal she had all but reached, and has lost the Pacific arsenal and port which was the gift of her long and patient policy and exceeding sacrifice and effort. And, at the moment, when the currents of Russian expansion are dammed in from the south and forcibly diverted from the east, and when, as a result, it is natural for them to rebound in a wave towards the west, the strife in Scandinavia weakens the wall that should hold that wave from breaking into the Atlantic Ocean.

Sven Hedin proceeds upon this general statement to sum up the reasons for a Russian Atlantic policy, together with the possibilities of a Russian attack upon the Scandinavian Peninsula.

He indicates the startling fact that Russia, at her Finnish frontier to-day, is actually only eighteen English miles distant from ice-free waters in the Atlantic Ocean—near the Norwegian ports of Lyngen and Tromsø. A Russian military road already runs up to this far frontier, and some day the Russian railway system, despite the winter snow, will extend to this point—eighteen miles from the open sea. It is not difficult to realize the significance of this thin strip of earth to Russia. It does far more than give her the wide Atlantic for the argosies of trade from all her northern territories. It means freedom for her ice-imprisonment upon the Baltic. It liberates her war-fleets from both the ice-barrier and the perilous passage of the crowded islands in that sea. It means that the gates of Kiel can close no longer upon the doors of Kronstadt, and that the German fleet no longer lies between the ships of Russia and the open seas. These are the gifts in store. If pretext were ever needed for their gain, some sudden crisis, such as the Russo-Norwegian conflict of interest in regard to whale-fisheries and the reindeer grazing-grounds, would

¹ "Sverige och den Stora Östern." By Sven Hedin. Published in Stockholm.

easily suffice. Then Norway would confront the giant of North Europe—a pigmy—stripped by her own insensate act of two-thirds of her present bulk and strength in unity of national existence with the State of Sweden. The immediate result would be the loss of Norwegian territory—the ultimate result, the loss of Norwegian independence. For the inevitable Russian encroachment would set southward till Norway was a province of the Russian Empire—and Sweden—completely surrounded by the Slav—lay in the hollow of his hand.

In discussing the possibility of this calamity, Sven Hedin was already hopeless in regard to the union which is the chief source of security against it. He regarded the separation as inevitable. Even an alliance for Common Defence he considered impracticable with a people incapable of respecting the alliance of Union. But his prophetic warning of a "Nemesis for Norway," isolated, by her own act, in a future which hung in the balance of scales counterweighted with the forces of separatism and sanity—is robbed of something of its value by the want of insight and practical statesmanship which Sven Hedin betrays when he proceeds to consider its effects, as an actuality, upon international polity. He conceives the concert of the Powers as condoning the Russian conquest of Norway for the following motives of self-interest—

* Since the publication of his book Sven Hedin has modified this opinion and compares Scandinavia, under separation, with Korea—as "open to the political speculation of the Powers"—"Tromsø or some other Atlantic

Japan at the diversion of this menace from the Pacific to the Atlantic. Britain alone remains an uncertain factor—partly prepared already for this eventuality through the establishment of her northern naval base in the Firth of Forth. Sweden, therefore, to all intents and purposes, stands isolated and alone, to face, in the future, the possibility of a single duel for her independence with the Slav, her sole hope of salvation in which lies, according to Sven Hedin, in the accession by her of sea power.²

These startling statements in connection with the ultimate results of the separation of Sweden and Norway will not, for a moment, bear the scrutiny of thought. The domination of her northern coasts and highway of commerce is a heavy price for Germany to pay for nothing more solid than the amity of a neighbor who already constitutes a peril on her eastern flank. And the possible diversion of Russian pressure upon the Persian Gulf will hardly compensate Great Britain for the presence of a Russian fleet in her home waters. Further, so sudden and heavy a disturbance of the balance of international power as that entailed by the Russian annexation of Norwegian territory would, at any time, result rather in an international concert of opposition than in a concert of complacent connivance. Finally, with or without the union, it is not possible to conceive a rivalry in sea power or land force between the Russian Empire and the Scandinavian States. In the event of a conflict between them in the future, Russia need not risk a single ship in the intricacies of the Scandinavian Archipelago—a summer campaign—the passage of the Torne Elf, defended, at

seaport will play the rôle of Port Arthur, England will demand compensation, and occupy Bergen, equivalent to Wei-hai-Wei. Germany also will demand compensation and occupy Christiansand, as equivalent to Kaio-chau."

present, by the single unfinished fort of Buden—and her armies would sweep the peninsula from sea to sea.

But despite the fact that Sven Hedin has miscalculated the political consequences of his gloomy prediction, he has most clearly indicated the vital importance of the Scandinavian Peninsula in connection with international polity. And in passing to consider the exact value of Scandinavia in regard to certain future and inevitable modifications of world power, it is difficult, at this moment, to define the situation in the peninsula with that precision which is necessary if it is to form the basis of any argument or theory. The Norwegian Storthing has dissolved the Union. The Swedish Riksdag is presently

to seek to devise some acceptable compromise placing the future relations of the two countries on a workable legal basis which will enable them to continue to live side by side without friction or danger of collision, and to join eventually in defence of their common interests.³

Thus apparently the Riksdag still seeks to preserve, in some form, the principle of the Union. And true finality in this affair lies in the action of the Swedish King and Riksdag rather than in the initiative of the Norwegian Storthing.⁴ Therefore, it is logical, firstly, to determine whether there are good grounds for hope that the deliberations of the Riksdag, or further

negotiations, may result in the maintenance of the *status quo* through the preservation—in whatever form—of the principle of Union in the future relations of Sweden and Norway—and then to pass on to consider, in the event of separation, how Scandinavia, as an element of possible unrest, may react upon world polity in the future. To these inquiries may be added a third—whether, if the further negotiations between the two states fail to preserve the principle of the Union, there exists any other means equally honorable and acceptable to both of them for settling the issues between them so as to preserve—in principle—the *status quo*.

In regard, then, to the possibility of maintaining the principle of the Union through further negotiations—it is not proposed to discuss the domestic issues involved in this question. It has been perfectly clear, upon the face of them, that they give rise to a conflict of intention as well as of issue between the two peoples. Evidence of this is afforded by the manifestoes issued during the negotiations just previous to the present rupture, by the Swedish and Norwegian authorities respectively.⁵ These statements prove that while Sweden regards the issues of the controversy from the point of view of preserving the principle of the Union, the Norwegians consistently and entirely subordinate that principle to the direct issues of the controversy. And at the present stage of the

³ See the "Times," June 12, 1905.

⁴ "It rests with Sweden and with me, as King of the Union, to decide whether this violation of the compact of the Union shall be followed by a legitimate and legal dissolution of the Union."—See the address of King Oscar to the Storthing. The "Times," June 14, 1905.

⁵ See the "Times," April 7 and 26, 1905. The Prince Regent of Sweden called upon the Cabinets of the two kingdoms to enter into free negotiations to bring about a new adjustment of all matters concerning the Union

of the two countries on the fundamental principle of their full equality. The Norwegian Government in reply refused to negotiate upon issues affecting Norway as a sovereign country. As to these issues she reserved the right of free action. She was prepared, however, to enter into free negotiations regarding the *status quo*, provided that, if they failed, there should be no question of reverting to the *status quo*, but that each country should have the right to determine the future form of its national life.

crisis they have translated this intention into action by dissolving the Union to attain their immediate ends. Therefore, by reason of the fact that the Norwegian States are obviously at cross purposes, there seems little hope that further negotiations will result in maintaining, in any form, the principle of their union. On the contrary, a final rupture between the states seems inevitable—for this fundamental reason. It is apparent to all unprejudiced observers that the Scandinavian crisis does not arise so much upon the concrete question to which it is apparently confined, as upon a matter of broad principle; in other words, that the question of the consuls was merely a form chosen by the Norwegian people for the assertion of the principle of their independence—through their separate sovereignty. It is a principle, not a solitary right, which the Norwegians are determined to vindicate. It follows, then, that this question is not likely to end with a settlement of the consular question. If the Norwegians unanimously and absolutely insist upon asserting the principle of their independence, they will not be content with the exercise of their sovereign rights upon this single occasion. And once they have exercised their right to regard their common interests with Sweden from the point of view of a separate national entity rather than as an integral part of a single nation, then from that moment the soul of unity dies out of the Constitution of the Scandinavian people. They may hold together in corporate Constitution for a time, but that Constitution will not long withstand the physical strain of disintegrating forces in its internal economy, in addition to the ordinary strains of external influences upon its health and strength. For the first binding force—the cement of modern nationality—is no longer blood, language, nor religion—nor even the sense

of common danger. It is the constructive force of a single community of interest throughout the whole complex organism of modern nationality in respect of those essential elements of national Constitution—government, defense, and trade. And the moment this constructive force of a community of interest gives place to the disintegrating force of the conflict of local interests, throughout the parts, in respect of these essential elements of their unity—the strength of a nation is sapped, its vitality diminished, and its Constitution given to the dangers of debility and ultimate decay. In the case of the Scandinavian States, disintegrating forces have been long at work among the peoples in regard to two of the essential elements of a national constitution—those of trade and defence—as witness the system of hostile tariffs between them, and the separate organization of their armies and fleets, in addition to the object-lesson of the Glommen line of forts set up by Norway against her Swedish frontier. And now that the cancer of conflict has involved that first and most essential element of common nationality—a common Government—there is no good ground for hope that the future negotiations between the Governments of Norway and Sweden will result in the maintenance of the *status quo* in any form whatever, for the simple reason that there is no element of national unity left to the two peoples which can serve as the basis of any principle of their constitutional Union.

This fact brings the mind, naturally, to the consideration of the general and certain particular effects upon international polity of a change in the *status quo* in Scandinavia. This is, of course, an entirely hypothetical field of inquiry. But there are certain principles which govern the incidents of polity, the application of which to given

political conditions enables men, by the light of experience and probability, to gauge, with some measure of accuracy, the effects of any change upon the present conditions of international polity. In these days, when the telegraph wire pervades the whole of the body corporate of humanity like the threads of a nervous system, making men instantly sensitive to influences which electricity transmits among them with spontaneity throughout the world, any fact which tends to complicate the already delicate adjustments of modern international relationship is a matter for anxiety and regret. A divided Scandinavia is, in comparison to an united Scandinavia, a disadvantage to the world inasmuch as the separation of its people into different nationalities invites the possibility that the peninsula may become a focus of the political conflicts and unrest which are naturally incidental to international relations throughout the world. On the other hand, the mere fact of union confines questions which might well constitute international issues to mere domestic friction, and such friction is not only less dangerous, but it is far less likely to occur. Apart from this broad principle, it is difficult to follow the results of a separation between Sweden and Norway at all precisely; firstly, by reason of the fact that these people are not, in truth, possessed of a common nationality. They are no more in fact a single nation than are the peoples of the Iberian Peninsula, who dwell in an identical geographical contiguity. Therefore, it is not open to argue concerning the consequences of separation among them from the consequences of disruption in the case of other living nations, the Constitutions of which are subject to the action of separatist forces—nor is it fair to draw analogies between the separatists of Norway and the other separatists of the

world—such as the Home Rulers of the United Kingdom, the Catalonians of Spain, the various parties in Austria Hungary, and the Little Englander sect of Greater Britain. These political parties are all examples, in relation to the physical constitution of nationality, of what may be termed the destructive elements of force as opposed to the constructive elements of political force. These antagonistic forces of course exist in the constitution of nations as well as of individuals, in obedience to that universal natural law by which the counter-activity of the forces of vitality and decay is incidental to all organic life. But, whereas the various political parties which have been named all constitute, so to speak, the virus of disease—the bacilli of debility and decay in the Constitution of their respective nationalities—the Norwegian separatists, although they are inspired by the same mischievous political principles, and, in fact, constitute the destructive element of force in the constitution of the Scandinavian people, are not, for the reason already stated, in exact analogy to any of these parties. Despite this fact, however, it is quite logical to draw general conclusions as to the results of their political acts in connection with the evidence of past and contemporary history as to the usual effect of discord or disruption in any united community or State. And apart from any particular instance which may afford proof to the contrary, the general evidence of history goes to show that where the interests, welfare and safety of the whole community are in any of the essential elements of national life subordinated to the interests of a single class or section of the community—or where the virus of discord has eaten into the fibres which unite empires or nations in the single unity of life, and results in actual separa-

tion—that these conditions presage the death of empires and the decay of nations. And further, with reference to the particular point at issue, the evidence of history indicates very clearly that this process of disruption in any community or State is dangerous because the unrest to which it gives rise tends to engender unrest among the neighboring peoples, whose instincts of rivalry or whose material interests are touched by the developments of change. Indeed, in former times, the one conclusion of a disruptive movement in any important community lay in the bloodshed of civil strife into which neighboring peoples were frequently drawn in widespread and stupendous wars. In these later days, when the entire territories of the world may be said to have become almost equally politically important, all great nations are equally sensitive in regard to any political change which appreciably affects one or other among them in respect of any territory however small or distant. Strong evidence of this fact, in Europe alone, is afforded by the constant international anxiety caused through the domestic crises in the Balkans, Macedonia, Crete and Morocco. And it is conceivable, in the case of the calmer among unsettled European communities, that the more subtle action of disruptive forces may also result in conflict or unrest or induce impotency through national debt or insolvency,⁶ which may directly or indirectly precipitate a crisis which shall imperil the peace of nations.

It is clear then that the Scandinavian crisis is pregnant with anxious possibilities of a general nature with respect to the future. If, however,

the powers of speculation be diverted from these generalities to the more direct international possibilities in regard to the future of a divided Scandinavia—made possible by strife or insolvency in regard to an independent Norway, or by the mere fact of her impotency before an opportunity chance offered to a great neighboring Power for the realization of its necessities at her expense—the line of thought gives rise to very interesting, if prophetic, considerations. It must strike all students of contemporary history that the whole balance of European power is slowly and surely shifting to the north of that continent. In the past, that western zone of European power which lay so long against the British Islands in a line from the Netherlands, through France to Spain, may be said to have proved the spine of the present fabric of world power. In the future, the power of Europe will lie along a northern zone running from the British Islands—the heart of the British Empire—through the heart of the German and Russian Empires. And, if this line be followed either to east or west, it will be seen that it merges into the great line of world power which encompasses the earth—passing eastward through Asiatic Russia and Japan, through the Anglo-Saxon empires of America, back again to the British Isles. Thus the zone of European power will still remain, in the future, the spine of the fabric of world power in its modern developments. And it is clear that any serious modification in this line of the zone of European power must react in effects throughout the world. Therefore, the vital importance of the Scan-

⁶ In connection with this point it may be noted that seventy-five per cent. of the total area of Norway is said to be wholly unproductive, twenty-two per cent. is forest land, and three per cent. only is under cultivation. In regard to national prosperity through in-

dustrial development, Norway must depend doubly upon foreign capital for the absence of coalfields necessitates the costly harnessing of her numerous waterfalls for the necessary power.

dinavian Peninsula as a factor of world polity will be fully realized when it is seen that not only does it lie directly on the line of the earth's great girdle of human might, but that it also lies, so to speak, in the very focus of world power at a point roughly equidistant and of equally critical importance to Britain, Germany, and Russia.

Further particularization in regard to this subject is obviously a matter of pure conjecture. But it is also one of fascinating interest. And, therefore, a very general and short consideration of the value of Scandinavia in relation to the possible problems of international polity, in the future, may be attempted. In every phase of the world's history there has always existed among the powerful nations, one, which, by reason of its ambitions or its necessities, has proved the great disturbing factor of the world's peace. In the future, that disturbing factor of the peace of nations, by reason of both ambition and necessity, will undoubtedly prove to be the German nation. This fact is perfectly clear upon simple and scientific grounds. The great expanding races of the world, who, as three great coalitions or race-nations, will constitute its future dominant powers, are the Anglo-Saxon, the Slav, and the Teuton. Of these three, both the Anglo-Saxon, and the Slav are to-day possessed of vast spaces of the world, which will serve in the future as home lands for the multitudes of their unborn generations. In the future, these "empty" regions will also provide unlimited fields for the development of the national wealth and economic power. At the present day they serve not only for the settlement of surplus populations, which would otherwise become alienated from the parent stock and be lost to the nation through absorption into the lands of emigration—but, as they are rich fields

of potential wealth, they serve to satisfy the constant increase of industrial activities, and also ensure that the developments of economic power which result shall constitute an accession to the national power. In every one of these matters—which are the very essentials of national existence—for which Fate has sent men forth to war since long before memory in the writings of history, it is of vital importance to note that *there is no conflict of interest between two at least of the great race nations of the world—the Anglo-Saxon and the Slav*. But these very causes which make for the mutual content and safety of these two races, are the very necessities of national life, of which the third great nation of the future—the Teuton—is in most desperate need. And in this respect it is of vital importance to note that not only is the Teuton in every one of these matters essential to his national life and prosperity *in conflict of interest with both the Anglo-Saxon and the Slav—but that he can only satisfy himself in respect of these necessities at the expense of either one or other of them*. And consequently, in the future, it is probable that the world's foci of danger will lie particularly in certain fields of Europe and of Asia which are at present indicated by the ambitions and necessities which inspire German policy, at the present time, in both these continents.

These facts become more definitely clear if they are considered in connection with the national necessities of the German nation at the present day, and in connection with the present principles of German policy. Shortly stated, territorial aggrandizement is the first of the aims of German policy, which is dictated by the necessities of national existence. Territory is necessary to Germany not only for the development of German commerce, but for the placing of that large surplus population which is now largely lost

to her through emigration and subsequent absorption in Anglo-Saxon and other communities. The second aim of German policy is the extension of her world commerce and its essential condition of sea-power. With respect to her aim of territorial aggrandizement, in so far as it concerns her overseas colonial empire, Germany will come into conflict throughout the world with the superior world-forces of the Anglo-Saxon race. The same may be said of her ambitions in regard to sea power and world commerce. With respect to her commercial expansion in Asia Minor, and the near East, Germany will come directly into conflict with Russia, while, with respect to her aims and ambitions generally in the far East, she comes again into conflict with Russia and the Anglo-Saxon races—and with the future world-force of Japan. Finally, in Europe itself, the ambition and the aggressive policy of Germany in regard to certain possibilities in connection with the future of Austria Hungary will bring her into conflict with the other nations of Europe in respect of a possible modification of frontiers, and the heavy disturbance of the balance of power which it must entail. It may be these future possibilities—already and not vaguely foreshadowed by Pan-German policy, which have caused the new grouping of European Powers—a curious feature of which is the fact that all the Latin and, in the main, the weaker among the great nations of Europe are now instinctively drawn in relations of either friendship or confidence towards the British, who, alone, of the three great northern Powers, are innocent of the least suspicion of aggressive policy in regard to European territories, and to whom, therefore, they evidently look for aid in counteracting German aggression—and possibly Russian aggression—upon the continent of Europe. And an instance of

the practical value of this union of the Latins of Europe with the Anglo-Saxon world power, in respect of German aggression, has been afforded very recently in the matter of Morocco.

According, then, to this general analysis of the far political future—international policy will lie in a balance of power between the three great dominant race nations of the world—the Slav, the Anglo-Saxon, and the Teuton. And whereas the Slav and Anglo-Saxon races are not in conflict, in respect of matters essential to national growth and development except upon one vital and concrete issue, which is mentioned hereafter, the Teutonic race is in conflict, in respect of these matters, throughout the world with both these races—to the eastward with the Slav, and north, west, south, and east with the Anglo-Saxon race. Now there is only one very obvious course open to the Teuton in this situation if he is to hope for survival in the future inter-racial struggle for existence. It is a course suggested by the situation itself alike either to men or to nations—and, indeed, it is prompted in either case by the instinct of self-preservation, which is common alike to men and nations. This obvious future policy of the Teuton is to play his powerful rivals against one another so as to dissipate the strength which must otherwise completely bar him from that world expansion which is the future condition of all world power. And it is in regard to this particular political operation that the Scandinavian peninsula may, in the future, become a most vital factor of world polity in connection with that conflict of interest which, it has been stated, exists at the present time between the Slav and Anglo-Saxon peoples.

At the mention of an element of Anglo-Russian conflict the minds of Britons will instantly revert to India.

But the mere fact of the possession of Hindustan by Britain does not of itself imply a conflict of interest with Russia.⁷ Even if Russia possessed a coterminous frontier with Britain in Asia, that fact, of itself, need not give rise to actual conflict, any more than her coterminous frontier with Germany in Europe is the cause of conflict. Indeed, if territorial vicinity of itself implied conflict, peace would be for ever confined to the islands of the earth. And if this question is considered clear of preconceptions due to panic, it is evident that while Russia possesses vast territories—rich, fertile, and climatically suited for the settlement of white men—it is not conceivable that she should challenge the richest and most powerful people in the world to a terrific war solely to gain possession of the most densely populated tropical continent, the wealth of which is largely agricultural, and which is totally unsuited for the settlement of a white population. Such a war is only conceivable as contingent upon some other and distinct conflict of interest.

This conflict of interest exists, quite apart from the question of Hindustan, in respect of the great national necessity which inspires the policy of Russia—the quest for access to ice-free seas. And if it be conceded that, for Russia, this question of access to open seas—altogether apart from those vital considerations of strategy—the power of offence and defence—involves the whole question of her industrial development and economic power in the fu-

⁷ The question of the isolation of Hindustan from other Powers is undoubtedly a very vital one for Britain. But it is not one which is impossible or even difficult of solution, except for the fact that there is neither consistency nor continuity of any British policy regarding it. If this were not the case the isolation of India through a chain of independent States in respect of which the British Government openly declared a *Monroe doctrine for Hindustan*, would define the position clearly, and go far to remove the one indefinite cause of suspicion and ill-will be-

ture, it will be seen, at once, how increasingly critical this conflict of interest between Britain and Russia must, in the future, tend to become, and how, through its influence in the past, it must constantly serve to embitter the feeling of Russians against Britain—because they may well conceive her as an evil genius who exists simply to thwart the destinies of Russia. For Britain has barred Russia, at Constantinople, from the sea. Her power holds Russia back from the Indian Ocean at the Persian Gulf. And the power of Britain has helped Japan to drive Russia back from the Pacific Ocean. If the British will, for a moment, call to mind the bitter feeling still roused in them by distant memories of history in the attempts of Spain to thwart the destiny of their race, and by the memory, in modern times, of the encouragement given by the present ruler of Germany to the Dutch republics in their attempts to thwart the destinies of Britain in the continent of Africa, they will be able to understand the bitter enmity of which, in the future, they may easily become the object in popular conceptions among the Slavs. And, given these elements of animosity and conflict of interest, it is not difficult to conceive the use to which a clever and determined enemy of either people may put them, should ever opportunity occur. It is certain that this opportunity must some day occur unless the policies of both Britain and Russia are directed towards obviating the peril

tween the two great Asiatic Powers—and the benefit of good understanding between them needs no comment of recommendation to make it clear. But while—as by the recent history of Tibet—the Russian is assured that behind the bombast bellowsings from Britain there may, in the end, be nothing—but a Brodric; and while he truly conceives British statesmen with solitary exceptions as a mixed company of political hares and moles, so long will the Indian peril prevent all sane relations between the British and Russians—to the ultimate advantage of Germany.

which it constitutes. It is impossible to conceive Russia as remaining for ever shut from all the oceans of the world. At one or more of those points which are the present objectives of her policy, she will, ultimately, at all costs, and against all obstruction, gain access to the ocean. And while this legitimate national desire of Russia remains unsatisfied, there will always remain the danger that circumstances may arise in which the Russian nation, with or without the help of Germany, may find it easier to satisfy both their animosity against an hereditary enemy and their national aspirations in gaining ice-free waters by conquest of that shore of the Atlantic Ocean which lies so close against their frontiers, and which, at the same time, gives them access to a harbor which dominates the home seas of Britain. It would be difficult to conceive any disturbance of the balance of naval power at once so great, so easy for Russia to accomplish and so impossible for Britain to prevent. And it would be difficult to conceive any menace to the British Islands more grave than the establishment of a Russian base in the Atlantic Ocean only a few hundred miles distant, across a strip of open water, from the Scottish coast. If the Japanese rightly considered Korea as an arrow aimed at the heart of their country, the British, for a kindred reason, may well consider Scandinavia as an arrow aimed at the heart of their empire in connection with this happily now remote and problematical possibility. For, if to the menace of the German navy were added in the future the menace of a Russian navy, the hands of time would seem to be set back to the naval problems of past days, when the British kept an anxious watch and ward upon the long western coastline of Europe, from the harbors of which issued those armadas which constituted the chief perils of

their existence, just as their victories over them constitute the chief and greatest glory of the nation. But the later perils of that coast-line would lie in the nearer harbors of the north—instead of in more distant havens of the south.

It is true that at the present time these prophecies of peril seem alarmist and unnecessary. The danger indicated lies in a far distant future—from a Russian people leavened with liberty, industrially prosperous and infinitely powerful, pent up within eighteen miles of the open waters of Norwegian shores. Yet—against that future—the problem of a weak or unsettled Scandinavia becomes a factor of vital importance both to the security of the British Islands and to the peace of the whole world. The particular peril as well as the value of Scandinavia in respect of future world polity lies firstly in the danger to Britain which that Peninsula might constitute in the possession of a great Power, and secondly by reason of the fact that it may, some day, prove a lever in the hands of the Teuton which he may use to drive the pathway of his progress wedge-like between the Anglo-Saxon and the Slav. For it is clear that while the present necessities of the Russian people endure, the Norwegian littoral will constitute a constant temptation to the Russian nation. And that, as a factor of political exchange in respect of this national demand, Scandinavia may some day provide a make-weight in the balance of scales which Germany shall hold and regulate to her own benefit. She also, it is stated—however wrongly—has an objective of ocean in Trieste, and a dream of empire in the Far East. It is conceivable, therefore that she may set off, to the detriment of Britain, both Tromsø and Constantinople, to secure the co-operation of Russia against opposition in respect of her pan-German policy in Europe and

as against the Anglo-Japanese alliance in the Far East. These are, of course, simply excursions into the fields of vague conjecture. At the best they are prophecies in respect of shadows which lie behind the veil that covers every certainty of future time. But they serve one useful purpose. They clearly define the value of the Scandinavian Peninsula in respect of world polity. And all consideration of the international aspects of the Scandinavian crisis brings the mind back to two most definite conclusions. That any disturbance of the *status quo* makes for the possibility of peril in the future. And that Britain is the great Power most menaced by possibilities connected with a change of the *status quo* in the northern Peninsula.

In conclusion, it remains to consider whether, if all further negotiations between Norway and Sweden fail, there remains any practical means by which the issues between them may still be adjusted so as to preserve—in principle—the *status quo*. If the Norwegian people have finally decided on separation, the situation is indeed hopeless. But if they are truly desirous of maintaining the principle of the Union—which their Ministers have stated to be the case¹—and, at the same time, determined to vindicate, peacefully, their right to stand as an independent sovereign State—there is one practical way for the attainment of both of these ends. They have now declared that the issues with Sweden are international—not domestic. Then, through the present admirable and conciliatory attitude of Sweden, they may, without loss of dignity or prestige, follow the precedent of other independent States and propose to seek final arbitration upon the issues with Sweden—from a friendly and trusted foreign ruler, with a view to preserving the

principle of the Union in whatever form it may be both possible and acceptable. For such an office King Edward VII. of Greater Britain may well be preferred both by reason of his relationship to the future Queen of Sweden—who would have been the joint-queen of Sweden and Norway—and his reputation as an advocate of peace. Such an arbitrament would further set the seal of Britain upon the essential condition of the future safety of Scandinavia—the Union, to which she gave her sanction when, through her fleets and armies, she gave peace to Europe—a century ago. This suggestion—if all others fail—is at least worth the attention of Scandinavian statesmen. For, no matter how important this crisis may be from an international point of view, it cannot be more vitally important to any people than it is to the Scandinavians, for it involves their future security and their very existence as an independent people. But, as is common with all matters of a family or domestic dispute, whether they arise amongst individuals or nations, this question has excited one of the contending parties to a bitterness which invests it with false value and disproportionate importance to such an extent that it entirely diverts attention from matters of real moment and lasting consequence which vitally concern the common interests, welfare, and safety of the men whose minds are concentrated upon a relatively petty squabble. A section of the Scandinavian people are so concentrated upon the purely domestic issues of their difference that they fail altogether to appreciate the wider national interest which it involves. And for these men, by a strange coincidence, there is to be seen in Stockholm to-day a strange but eloquent admonition—in a warning from the past history of Sweden. It is contained in the posture of a mute mould of bronze.

¹ See statement by Norwegian Ministers of this fact in the "Times," April 26.

In a garden facing the Royal palace is set the statue of King Charles XII. of Sweden. In his right hand he holds a naked sword, and with his left

arm—tirelessly outstretched—he points, eastward, in the direction of the Russian Empire.

E. John Solano.

The Monthly Review.

ROSES.

BY THE REV. CANON ELLACOMBE.

In a medical treatise of the fourteenth century the author begins his account of the rose in these words:

Of ye rose y^t springeth on spray,
Schewyth hys flowris in someris day,
It nedyth noȝt try to discerie,
Eueri man knowyth at eye
Of his vertues and of his kende—

and I cannot do better than take his introduction as the introduction to this paper on roses. For I do not intend in it to give anything like a botanical description of the genus *Rosa*, or of its many species and varieties. I shall not attempt a scientific classification of the family; I shall say little or nothing of the cultivation of the plant, or of the many ways by which from a few single types a multitude of hybrids has been produced, which are the admiration of all rose growers; and there are many other points which, perhaps, I cannot leave quite untouched, but I shall do little more than glance at them. The rose has been so long admired and studied that it may seem a useless labor to attempt to find anything new; and I do not claim to have found anything new. But the field is so large that, though the main harvest has been gathered in, there are many nooks and corners and unsuspected bypaths in which there may be found some gleanings worth gathering. And for these reasons my paper will have in it little method or order; it will be but a hotchpot or *farrago*.

Something must be said about the

early notices of the flower and its geographical limits; but on both these points a very little will be sufficient. It is a matter of surprise to many that there is scarcely any notice of the rose in the Bible. The word exists in our English translation, but it is quite certain that the translation is not correct, except in the translations from the Greek in the books of Ecclesiasticus and Wisdom; but in the two passages from the Song of Songs and Isaiah—the “rose of Sharon” and “blossom as the rose” the Hebrew clearly points to a bulbous plant, and the general opinion is that the plant meant is the *Narcissus tazetta*. This is the more remarkable because there is no reason for supposing that the Jews were different from all other Eastern nations in their admiration of the rose. And there are many wild roses in Palestine, some of which grow in great abundance; Sir Joseph Hooker found and described seven species; and our common cabbage and damask roses are cultivated everywhere. In Egypt no representative of the rose has been found on any of the monuments before the time of the Ptolemies; and Dr. Bonavia has no record of it in his “Flora of the Assyrian Monuments,” though we know from Herodotus that the Babylonians carried sceptres ornamented with an apple, or rose, or lily. When we come to the Greek writers we are astonished at the absence of allusions to the rose. In the Homeric writings we only meet with a notice of it as a color adjective, “the rosy-fingered

morn," or as used in ointments. Theophrastus, of course, gives a short botanical account of it. And it is the common custom with all writers on the rose to say that it was celebrated by Anacreon and Sappho, especially Sappho. Anacreon speaks of it with real admiration, but chiefly in connection with the worship of Aphrodite; but there can scarcely be said to be any notice of the flower in the fragments of Sappho's poems that have come down to us, and it is one of the curiosities of literature how she has come to be reckoned as the chief poetess of the rose. There is good evidence that she was very fond of roses, but it does not appear from her writings. She uses rose-like as an epithet for a girl's arms, and just mentions Pierian roses—and that is all. How the mistake arose in English literature, and how it has been copied by one author after another, is told in a good article on "Ancient Roses" by the Rev. G. E. Jeans, of Shorwell, in the "Quarterly Review" for 1895. It is very much the same with Latin writers until the time of the Emperors. Then we have Horace, Virgil, Ovid, and more especially Martial, speaking in terms of admiration of the rose; but it is nearly always connected in their minds with scenes of dissipation and revelry; and in no case do we find anything in their writings that approaches to the loving admiration, or the almost passionate affection, that we find in all the mediæval and modern authors, not only of England, but of France, Italy, Germany, and, indeed, of all parts of the civilized world.

To us it is a very interesting question what roses our forefathers had in mediæval times, say from the end of the thirteenth century. We have in England seven good species of native roses; and the introduction of damask roses into England in the reign of Henry VII. has been recorded by more

than one writer. Writers on English gardens have too readily admitted that until the arrival of the damask rose no exotic rose could be found in cultivation, which, of course, can only mean that before that time none but English roses were to be seen. But a very little experience in English literature would show that such could not have been the case. I think it impossible to give to any of our native roses, however beautiful and sweet, the passionate descriptions of the rose which we find in Gower, Chaucer, Spenser, and Shakespeare. I cannot think that any of our native roses would be described as "brode roses"—i.e. broad or large; or that their color could be said to be

With colour reed, as welles fyned
As nature couthe it make faire,

with "the freyshe bothum (*i.e.* bud) so bright of hewe"; and there are many such passages. And as to the scent, of none of our British roses could it be said:

The swote smelle spronge so wide
That it dide all the place aboute.

The question then comes, What were the roses that our forefathers grew and loved before the arrival of the damask rose? There are at least two well-known species which I am sure were in cultivation here at the end of the fifteenth century, and probably earlier. One is that universal favorite, the cabbage rose. It is the "Provençal rose" of Shakespeare, more properly written Provence or Provins; and the "rose of Rhone" of Chaucer. Unlike the damask rose, there is no record of its introduction into England; and I think this by itself is a strong proof of its antiquity amongst us, and I suppose it to be the "English red rose" described by Parkinson as amongst "the most ancient," rather variable in color, but often of "a red or deep crimson color"

and with a rich scent, so that when "well dried and well kept it will hold both color and scent longer than the damaske." It is still a great favorite; but the true plant is very scarce, though it is found in most nurserymen's catalogues; but though the plants generally offered are very good varieties, the true plant is known by always having only one flower, and not a bunch of flowers, on a branch, the flower also being always nodding. The other old rose that must have been known long before Shakespeare's time is the York and Lancaster (*R. versicolor* of Parkinson); not the rose usually now so named, which is *R. mundi*, a fine rose and long established in English gardens, but with coarse coloring and a rampant habit. The earlier rose is a compact bush with bunches of roses of different colors, some red, some white, some red and white; or, as described by Shakespeare:

The roses fearfully in thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair,
A third, nor red nor white, had stolen
of both;

and he speaks of "roses damasked red and white." I am quite sure that in the account of the brawl in the Temple Gardens the red and white roses were intended to be growing on the same bush; the passage will quite bear that interpretation. The whole scene is entirely of Shakespeare's imagination; there is no other record of it; and in spite of his grand contempt for correct chronology, I do not think he would put into a scene of the time of Henry VI. a rose of recent introduction; and Chaucer speaks of "floures partle white and red," probably roses, and Spenser must surely have been thinking of this rose when he spoke of "the red rose medled with the white one."¹ Parkin-

son says that before the wars of the Roses "there was seene at Longleete a white rose tree to beare on the one side faire white roses, and on the other side red." This must have been the same rose.

Very shortly after Shakespeare's death a grand rose came into English gardens, known as the yellow cabbage rose. It came from the East, and is still the finest of all double yellow roses; but it is rather tender and is difficult to increase. Like the red cabbage rose, it does not hold its flowers upright; they are always drooping, and never fully open, and so the scientific name for it is *R. hemispherica*. With these three fine exotic roses—and they had others, especially the musk rose—we may say that the gardens of our forefathers of three or four hundred years ago were by no means badly furnished with roses.

There are some points in the name and geography of the rose which are worth noting. The earliest European name for it is the Greek *rhodon*; and almost all modern writers on it have followed Dr. Prior's lead, in his "English Plant Names," in saying that the same name, more or less changed; is to be found in all the different names which the plant now bears in different countries, and that they all have for their initial meaning the one word red. But Max Müller showed that this will not bear close inquiry, and that the root is to be found in an Aryan word signifying a flower or spray, thus marking it as *the* flower of the vegetable world, taking rank above all others. This high rank has been confirmed to it by the way in which so many plants, which are not roses at all, have yet taken the name to themselves, as giving them a place among the most beautiful flowers; such as the Christmas rose (*helleborus*), the Al-

"In a Vicarage Garden," chap. xi., in which their history is more fully given.

¹ For a further account of the York and Lancaster roses I may refer to my little book,

pine rose (*rhododendron*), rose de Notre Dame (*pæonia*), water rose (*nymphæa*), the holly rose or sage rose (*cistus*), the Guelder rose, and others.

The geography of the rose is rather peculiar. As a wild plant it is found both in the Old and New Worlds, but with a limited range, being found chiefly between the twentieth and seventieth degrees of north latitude. Our little burnet rose is found as far north as Iceland; Hooker and Ball found our common dog-rose and the Ayrshire rose fairly abundant in Morocco; but the two most southern species are *R. Montezumæ* found by Humboldt in Mexico, and *R. sancta*, found sparingly in Abyssinia; both of these roses are found at high elevations, and neither of them is of much value from the gardening point of view. No wild roses have been found south of the Equator, but we should scarcely be surprised if one or more should be found in the high mountains of Central Africa.

I now come to some curiosities among roses, by which I mean peculiarities in certain species which are more or less abnormal. Among these curiosities I give the first place to one which, I think, deserves the first place, because it was noticed by so many of the old writers on roses. All rosarians know that the family of roses has been arranged by botanists under several distinct groups, one of which, the group *Caninææ*, contains not only our dog-roses, which give the name to the group, but also the monthly, China rose, and others. They also know that all roses have five sepals and five petals. In the group *Caninææ* there is a peculiar arrangement of the sepals, which is found in a few roses of the other groups, but very sparingly and not quite constantly; in the *Caninææ* it is never absent. The arrangement is that of the five sepals two are always fringed by thin beards, two have no

such fringes, and one has the fringe on one side only. This was noticed very early, and was recorded in these lines:

Quinque sumus fratres et eodem tempore nati;
Sunt duo barbati, duo sunt barba absque creati;
Unus et e quinque non est barbatus utrinque.

Of these lines there are many variants and many translations, from which I select this:

Five brothers we, all in one moment reared;
Two of us bearded, two without a beard;
Our fifth on one cheek only wears the beard.

I have not been able to trace this to its source; and the oldest mention of it that I can find is in Fumarellus in 1557, in which he gives the lines, not as his own, but as a quotation. It is a pleasant puzzle to try and give a reason for this curious arrangement, and its origin; but it is a puzzle that we cannot answer till we know more of the first surroundings and evolution of the rose, and these we probably never shall know. Sir Thomas Browne was attracted by it, and in his "Garden of Cyrus" he seems to have made an attempt at an explanation, which is worth quoting:

Nothing is more admired than the five brethren of the rose and the strange disposition of the appendices, or beards, in the calycular leaves thereof. . . . For those two which are smooth and of no beard are contrived to lie undermost as without prominent parts and fit to be smoothly covered; the other two, which are beset with beards on either side, stand outside and uncovered; but the fifth, or unbearded leaf, is covered on the bare side, but on the open side stands free and bearded like the other.

As a second curiosity among roses I take the green rose. I am bound to say that this rose meets with very little admiration; the general verdict is, "More curious than beautiful." But I like the rose, and even admire it; and to botanists it is extremely valuable, because it is one of the best proofs we have that all parts of a plant above the root are modifications of the same thing, and in the green rose every part may be called a leaf. It is a variety of the common China rose, and came to England about 1835, and is quite constant. It also gives a strong support to the view, held by many great botanists, that all flowers were originally green, and that the colors in flowers are analogous to the autumn tints of leaves;² and in the green rose the flowers generally put on a reddish tint when they begin to fade. In this view the green rose, as we now have it, is a reversion to an older state of the rose, or, it may be, a continuance of an undeveloped rose. The late Sir James Paget made use of this view in suggesting "an analogy between a green rose and a rickety child."³ His meaning is very clear, that "both are examples of what are considered arrests of development. The roses do not attain the color which we regard as characteristic of their most perfect condition; the animals do not attain the hardness of bone or the full size which we find in the best examples of their several races."

Another great curiosity among roses is found in the Himalayan *R. sericea*. It is an essential character of all roses that they should have five petals; but this rose produces abundance of flowers, all with only four petals, with very few exceptions. It is impossible to account for this exception to the gen-

eral rule; for though we may say that one petal is abortive, that is only explaining *ignotum per ignotius*.

One more curiosity may be mentioned. A few years ago there came from America a rose belonging to the *Polyantha* section, of which the peculiarity was that it would come into full flower three months after sowing. This is quite true; I have seen many flowers in June on plants of which the seed was sown in April. It is commonly called the annual rose, but it is a perennial, and has the quality of reproducing itself by self-sown seedlings, a very unusual thing in the rose family.

Many more curious or abnormal things among roses might be mentioned; but I must leave them for other points of interest. Roses have entered rather largely into place names and family names. Among place names, I suppose the most ancient is the Island of Rhodes, of which there is good evidence that the name came from the flower. The Rhone (*Rhodanus*) claims the same origin, but it is doubtful. France and Germany have many such names, as Rosières, Rosenberg, Rosendaal, Rosel, Rosello, Rosenheim, &c. Such names are abundant also in Italy, Spain, and Portugal; and from place names they have been adopted as family names.

If we can believe the records there seems to be no limit to the age or size of rose trees. The legend of the rose at Hildesheim, over which Louis le Débonnaire built the cathedral, is well known, and so is reputed to be 1500 years old; but there can be little doubt that it has been constantly renewed by suckers. Joret gives an account of a gigantic rose at Worms, planted by a king's daughter on an island of the

² The older naturalists knew nothing of this. Bacon says: "The general color of all plants is green, which is a color no flower is of. There is a greenish primrose, but it is pale and scarce a green" ("Sylva Sylvarum," 512)

³ Address on Elemental Pathology at Cambridge, 1880. The quotation is from a letter to myself.

Rhine, which could shelter five hundred noble ladies at once! Of course it is impossible, but he gives his authority for the statement;⁴ and another is recorded by Belmont, in the garden of Madame Reynen at Roosteren (Pays-Bas), under which she was in the habit of giving concerts, and in which forty musicians found shelter.

The scent of the rose has been from the earliest times one of its chief charms, but there is a great variety of rose scents. I should say that the typical scent is to be found in the cabbage rose; but there are a variety of scents, ranging from the fine scents of the cabbage and tea roses to the evil scents of the Austrian Briar, which therefore got the name of *R. fœtida*, and *R. Beggeriana*, both of which roses have the evil odor of bugs. But there are roses which descend to a lower depth still, having no scent at all; for such is the character of many of the fine new hybrid roses. As a general rule, everyone likes the scent of the true roses; but there are many curious exceptions. I have known people to whom the first scent of a rose was the signal for coming hay fever; and there are many authentic records of people who were quite overpowered with the scent. Among these it is surprising to find Bacon; yet Belmont reports that "Bacon, le grand chancelier de l'Angleterre, entraînait en fureur quand il apercevait une de ces fleurs," and this has been copied by many other writers.⁵ But I cannot believe it. Bacon often speaks of the rose, and never in terms of dislike; and in the "*Sylva Sylvarum*" he gives a special account of the scent, which shows how closely he had observed it. He says: "The daintiest smells of flowers are out of those plants whose leaves smell not; as violets, roses, wallflowers, &c." (No. 389). And I think he is the first English writer that records that "roses come

twice in the year." And one great charm in the scent of roses is that it is permanent, not only in faded flowers, but also after corruption. The old writers loved to dwell on this; Shakespeare's lines will suffice:

The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem

For that sweet odour which doth in it live.

... Canker roses

Die to themselves, sweet roses do not so;

Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made.—*Sonnet 54*.

I am sure George Herbert was thinking of roses when he said:

Farewell, dear flowers, sweetly your time ye spent;

Fit while ye lived for smell or ornament,

And after death for cures.

—*Poem on Life*.

Connected with the scent of the roses, there was a very common belief in the Middle Ages that the rose was improved both in scent and vigor by being planted amongst garlic; the explanation being that the garlic, in order to increase its evil smell, drew from the ground all that was bad, leaving all that was good for the rose; or, as described by Bacon, "The ancients have set down that a rose set by garlick is sweeter; which likewise may be, because the more fetid juice of the earth goeth into the garlick, and the more odorate into the rose" ("*Syl. Syl.*" 481). The old emblem writers seized upon this to point the moral that a good man may not only keep his goodness in the midst of evil surroundings, but even profit by them. Camerarius, in his *Book of Emblems* (1605), has a pretty plate of a vigorous rose growing amongst garlic (No. 53), and quotes from Plutarch as to the truth of the statement. I believe the

⁴ Thoret, "*La Rose*," &c., p. 291.

⁵ "*Dictionnaire de la Rose*," p. 5.

rose gardeners of Grasse and Bulgaria are very particular in keeping the bushes free from everything near them; and I am sure that the garlic is so liberal in imparting its evil scent to everything it touches that if a rose in flower touched any of the garlic or onion family the petals that were so touched would be tainted. This, however, was the firm belief in the Middle Ages; and they had other curious practices, handed down from the Roman writers. Thus they followed Pliny's advice to burn their rose trees every year, much in the same way that gorse and heather are now sometimes burnt, and if carefully done, so that the roots are not burnt, the result might be the production of young, vigorous roots; but even those rosarians who cut down their roses to the ground-level every year would now prefer the use of the knife. In the same way they tried to make roses flower early by the use of hot water poured round the roots. Palladius, among others, recommended it, and his work on Husbandry was translated into English verse in 1420, and was a sort of handbook of farming and gardening to the Englishmen of that date. And this was his advice:

With crafte eke roses erly riped are;
Tweyne handbrede of aboute her
rootes doo

A delvyng make, and every day thereto
Doo water warme.—St. 77.

For color in roses we have red of all shades, white, and yellow. But we have no blue roses, and I am not anxious to see them. But Guillemeau, in 1800, gives a description of blue roses growing wild near Turin, but adds, *n'est pas très-commun, and ne jamais vu*. There is nothing impossible in such roses, though it is a common belief that both blue and red flowers are never found in the same family. But there are abundant examples to the

contrary; the pentstemons are a ready example, and our own British geraniums a still more ready one.

Considering the popularity of the rose, it is rather surprising that there is so very little folklore connected with the flower. The proverbial *sub rosa* connects it with secrecy, and so it is often seen carved on confessionals. In some parts of England and Scotland it is considered lucky to burn rose leaves; Gubernatis tells the legend of Satan's vain attempt to climb to heaven by means of the dog-rose, and that Judas hanged himself on one, so that the seeds are called *Judas-beeren*, and the whole plant is *sinistre et diabolique*; but I have found little beyond this.

And the rose has not very much of interest for the entomologist;⁶ it is visited by very few large butterflies or moths, and the fertilization is effected by beetles; so that it is rather curious that many of the old writers asserted that beetles had a great dislike to the rose; yet most of us are acquainted with the beautiful green rose beetle, which in some years is very abundant, but I have very seldom seen it of late years. But there is one piece of insect work on the rose always worth looking at, and formerly regarded with great veneration. This is the bedeguar, called in some parts by the pretty name of "Robin redbreast's pincushions." It is like a ball of moss, and is a gall produced by the little insect *Cynips rosæ*.

There is a large amount of literature connected with the rose. Of course, every writer on flowers was bound to mention it, but, as far as I know, the first book solely devoted to the rose is by a Spanish physician named Monardes. It was published at Antwerp in 1551, under the title of "*De rosa et*

⁶ Keats, however, speaks of

The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous hum of flies on summer eves—
but I am not aware that he was an entomologist.

partibus ejus," and though a small book, chiefly concerned with the medical qualities of the rose, it is well worth reading, for the writer was an enthusiastic admirer of the flower; so that he sums up its virtues in the words, "Inter medicinas benedictas benedictissima merito nuncupari potest."⁷ Since that time there has been an increasing production of books on the rose, so that in the "Bibliografía de la Rosa," by D. Mariano Vergara, published at Madrid in 1892, more than a thousand books are mentioned, and the number now is much larger. But in England the first book solely confined to the rose is Miss Lawrence's grand folio, "A Collection of Roses from Nature," 1780-1810, a beautiful book, now become rare and expensive. In 1819 appeared Dr. Lindley's "Rosarum Monographia," a perfect monograph of the family, which still holds the highest rank, but of which a new edition, brought up to date, is much to be desired.⁸ It would be tedious to attempt to select the best books on roses from the large number now in existence; but no rosarian's library should be without "Ros Rosarum," by the Honorable Mrs. Boyle, and M. Joret's two books, "La Rose dans l'Antiquité," &c., and "La Légende de la Rose." The "Ros Rosarum" is an excellent selection of the poetical notices of the rose from the earliest times and from all nations; while M. Thoret's books are full of curious points connected with the flower, also from the earliest times and from all civilized countries.

Want of space forbids my describing at any length the enormous increase in the species, hybrids, and varieties of the family which has taken place in European gardens during the last

three hundred years. It will be sufficient to say that whereas in Shakespeare's day there were probably not more than forty or fifty that could be distinguished one from another, there are now grown in Monsieur Grave-reau's garden at L'Hay, near Paris, nearly seven thousand, each with its different name; that was the number in 1902, and it increases every year. Yet the increase has not been uninterrupted; there was a time when the rose was almost discarded in European Gardens for the tulip. Thomas Fuller, in 1663, puts this complaint into the mouth of the rose:

There is a flower, a Toolip, which hath engrafted the love and affection of most people into it. And what is the Toolip? A well-complexioned stink, an ill flavour wrapped up in pleasant colours. Yet this is that which filleteth all gardens, hundreds of pounds being given for the root thereof, whilst I, the Rose, am neglected and contemned, and conceived beneath the honor of noble hands.

That has long been changed, and the increase in roses seems unlikely to receive another such check; though we are still a long way from seeing the fulfilment of Mr. Rivers's prophecy, made more than fifty years ago, that "the day will come when all our roses, even moss roses, will have evergreen foliage, brilliant and fragrant flowers, and the habit of blooming from June till November. This seems a distant view, but perseverance in gardening will yet achieve wonders."

If I were to mention more curiosities connected with the rose I should make my paper unduly long. But one thing has always interested me, which I do not like to pass by altogether, and that

⁷ Monardis's name is preserved in gardens by the Oswego Tea, or Bergamont plant, *Monarda didyma*.

⁸ It is an open secret that a book on the genus *Rosa* has been for some time in preparation, to be edited by Miss Willmott, F.L.S.,

with the assistance of Mr. J. G. Baker, F.R.S. When completed we have every reason to expect that it will be a complete and valuable history of the family. It will be published by Mr. Murray.

is the different feelings about the rose that different nations have shown, and so far have shown something of their different characters. I may, perhaps, conclude by quoting what I have already written on this point, because I cannot put it shorter:

By the Greeks and Romans the rose was always connected with scenes of revelry and licentiousness; French and English writers are entirely different. By French writers the rose is often made to teach the decay of beauty, but it is specially connected with female beauty. The French proverb says. "Les dieux n'ont fait que deux choses

The Cornhill Magazine.

parfaites; la Femme et la Rose." By English writers the lessons have a tone of sadness, and often almost of sternness. It is the thorns of the rose that seem most to have caught their attention. They love to point to the rose and its thorns as showing the treacherous character of all earthly pleasures; but they love also to point to the thorns as forming only a part, and a necessary part, to perfect and protect the rich flower; and so, while on one side the lesson is that no pleasure is without pain, *rosa inter spinas*, so on the other side there is the brighter lesson, that troubles lead to joy—*per spinas rosa, per tribulos calum* (In a Gloucestershire Garden, p. 198).

FERDINAND FABRE.*

Abbé Mugnier has somewhere said of Mrs. Craven's works that when we go over the apologists of the nineteenth century we shall find that a simple woman, with no pretensions to theological acumen, has built an eternal monument to her faith with the most delicate materials, materials apparently the most perishable—"des sourires, des baisers, et des larmes." It is not too much to say that Ferdinand Fabre too has built a memorial of materials as frail and yet imperishable: has shewn in country presbyteries, in peasants' homes, in shepherds' huts, the marvellous power which the spiritual world possesses over the minds of men.

I.

The history of Ferdinand Fabre's life has been told by himself without even the veil of a pseudonym in *Ma Vocation*, with a pseudonym which does not conceal in *Monsieur Jean*; and in 1903, five years after his death, the publication

of *Ma Jeunesse* and *Mon Cas Littéraire* added yet further to our knowledge of his personality, around which, though he never was a priest, the sweet serenity of the priesthood seemed to linger to the end. He was born in 1830 at Bédarieux in Hérault. His father was an architect and nearly rebuilt the town; but he failed in a roadmaking enterprise to which frequent reference is made in more than one of Fabre's books as the catastrophe of his life, and the family was in difficulties. Ferdinand was a good boy, and a village cure was at least a home where a mother might be sheltered; thus pressure, very gentle and judicious indeed, was put upon the lad to turn his thoughts towards the priesthood. It is perhaps characteristic of the French nature that, while his father is hardly mentioned, his mother and his aunt Angèle, "cette véritable sainte dans sa niche," are very distinct personalities to all readers of his books. Angèle is one of those devout laywomen whose

* 1 "Ma Jeunesse. Mon Cas Littéraire." Par Ferdinand Fabre. (Paris: Bibliothèque Charpentier, 1903.)

2 "Ma Vocation," and other works. By the same.

reputation for sanctity is so great that her prayers are asked as if she were already a canonized saint. It is due to her zeal that Ferdinand is sent to the *petit-séminaire* of Saint-Pons de Thomières and later to the *grand-séminaire* at white Montpellier; but it is his mother, devout and holy too, who, although her heart is bound up in seeing her son at the altar, with true mother's tact rescues him from what she feels is not his true vocation. She, with her brother the saintly Abbé Fulcran, realizes that "the priesthood is the privilege of rare souls whom it has pleased God to touch with His finger," and she alone discerns that His finger has not so touched the boy. A ray of sunshine in the dark church reveals her pale face, and Ferdinand sees with agony all that his renunciation has cost her. "Pauvre mère adorée! the tears that she had been able to hold back before me she had allowed to flow freely before God."¹ There are, indeed, few things more beautiful in literature than the brief words scattered here and there through the pages of *Ma Vocation* and *Ma Jeunesse* in which his love for his mother is described.

"I crossed the threshold with her," he says, "and my eyes followed her along the dusty road of the faubourg Boutonnet. She did not once look back. I had not so much courage; but who knows if she had not even less than I had? Mothers love so much that they can dissemble. . . . O mother! O my mother!"²

But while the aunt and the mother were hindering or helping his vocation, his holidays had been passed with an uncle, that Abbé Fulcran of whom the world was not worthy. He well might lead his nephew's thoughts towards the altar. And if he indeed failed in this, it is to him that we indirectly

owe Fabre's most charming literary work. He prepared a notebook for the boy and bade him write therein a journal during his visits to Camplong, "two or three lines for a short examen of conscience, then twenty, a hundred as to your amusements in the village, your wanderings in the mountains of Jouglas, of Fonjouve, of Bailleuil,"³ and to keep such a journal had been the saintly old man's custom from his youth up.

The life of the humble *desservant* of Camplong had been noted day by day, almost hour by hour. Who knows if among so many pages some were not worthy to live? The history of a simple soul unburdening itself freely, a soul whose faith drove it unceasingly towards the heavens, a soul which had experienced more heavily than others the weight of earth from its daily contact with human grief, so great, so common in our poor country—the history of such a soul would certainly not have been a contemptible record.⁴

But the manuscripts were destroyed at his death. They would have been a human document of surpassing interest to all who love gentle, sincere souls.

Many of young Ferdinand's early journals perished in the same flames, but many remained, and to that diary we owe much of his best work. For he is at his best when he writes of what he has himself known and felt and recorded in journals which must have been as charming as *Mon Oncle Célestin* or *L'Abbé Roitelet*. He has made his uncle, the old presbytery, the roads around it, live for us. We know the little room which serves for study and refectory, we know the books, the appointment of the simple meals; we know the *gouvernante*, rough of speech, saintly of life. The magic of simple words has created all these things for us.

¹ "Ma Jeunesse," p. 36.

² "Ma Vocation," p. 182.

³ Ibid. p. 16.

⁴ Ibid. p. 17.

Innocent as was the boy's youth, surrounded by such influences as these, his very conscientiousness hindered his vocation. "Take care, my child," said his old director, who, writes Fabre, "loved me once and whom I still love." "Take care; your sensibility will be the obstacle of your life: it will ruin you!"⁵ It came indeed between him and the priesthood, but the world would have lacked a very sympathetic exponent of that priesthood if it had not done so. He never lost the impress of the seminary, the polished gentleness of the priest. He never turned in scorn from the Church which had educated him, and which shared with the hills of the Cévennes the making of his mind. But he turned, not without anguish indeed, from the happy solution of his future which a village cure would bring. The story of his great renunciation has been told at length in *Ma Vocation*, and has there been read by an earlier generation of readers; it is touched upon again and with infinite charm in *Ma Jeunesse*, where the atmosphere of a seminary and of a French country town is inimitably reproduced, "Dieu ne veut pas," he writes to his mother, "que je sois prêtre et je ne le serai point," and he speaks of a vision which has resolved his doubts.⁶ He has told us the history, too, of his work with a frankness which is perhaps only equalled in the biography of that other historian of clerical life, Anthony Trollope; but Ferdinand Fabre's books do not suffer by this frankness. They become infinitely more attractive when we feel the stamp of reality upon them. *Mon Cas Littéraire* takes us further in his history. He went to Paris in 1849 with his father, but ill-health drove him back to live the old out-of-door life among those living things which, with the priests and peasants, shared his heart. In 1853 he was again in Paris,

in the Rue Copeau, "frightful, narrow, winding, badly paved," as he says fretfully. Is the caged goldfinch of the Cévennes, brought to Paris by Norine and Justine to sing to them, in their dark street, songs of home, a more pathetic picture than Fabre himself in the Hôtel du Jardin, feeding sparrows and dreaming of the flutter of life in the woods of Camplong? But he dreamed too of the pages which will reproduce that life, and the rough laughter with which some young barbarians of the Latin Quarter received his timid intimation of his wish to paint the country of his dreams is the making of *Les Courbezons*. Although he remained to the end a solitary and almost unrecognized in the literary world, from that moment his life was a literary one. Tardy recognition indeed came. He was appointed Curator of the Mazarin Library, and was on the eve of being elected a member of the French Academy when he died in February 1898. It was in keeping with the rest of his life that the proposed "apotheosis" came too late. But it is probable that M. René Doumic's judgment in the *Revue des Deux-Mondes* for August 1903 is the true one.

"When," he says, "the history of romance during the second half of the nineteenth century comes to be written, a place will not be wanting for the work of Ferdinand Fabre, and probably a larger one than that given him by his contemporaries."

II.

The charm of Ferdinand Fabre's writings is twofold: the charm of close observation and knowledge of the peasants of that land, of its seminarists and its priests, both drawn from peasant stock: the charm, too, of close observation and knowledge of nature in his native land. The irresistible fascination of souvenirs as he himself says,

⁵ "Ma Jeunesse," p. 11.

⁶ *Ibid.* p. 26.

is the key to all his best work, and it was helped by the journal which his uncle had bidden him keep. He writes, he tells us, of those whom he has met a hundred times in the presbyteries of the Monts Garrigues or the Monts d'Orb; writes, too, of the glow of sunshine, the calm of shadow, the smell of roses, the flutter or the stillness of the birds, the rustle of leaves—of summer leaves—the blue distant hills, the green of spreading pastures, the balmy odors of the luxuriant wild flowers of his fields, he, "a little faun in his red cassock," playing innocently among all these things, and all these things weaving webs around his heart, the child to the end the father of the man. His genius owed so much to his early surroundings, to that south-eastern corner of France where chestnut woods recall Spain, where there are spacious heaths sweetened by rosemary bushes, colored by dark heather, where oleanders make clouds of soft pink in the wet ground which the hoopoe loves, where date palms cling to the sides of the desolate Cévennes, where warblers strange to English ears sing among the almond trees and the gray olives, where a flash of brilliant yellow among dark firs proclaims a golden oriole flying from its hanging nest. It is a land of enchantment and Fabre is its interpreter. He owed nothing to Paris. The country alone made him. The kindly humble priesthood of the Hérault who watch over the little villages which nestle in the valleys or cling to the rocky sides of the Cévennes were his models. His mind learned much from these early teachers. It is always devout, sweet, flying quickly from the beauties of nature to the beauties of holy things, as when he likens the full unclouded moon, round, bright, white, to a corporal on the altar; there are flashes of spirituality which almost come as a surprise in French novels, even in novels which have not wanted

their meed of modest popularity. And he has for us this added charm—his studies of ecclesiastical manners are written in a reverent spirit even when he sees faults in those of whom he writes.

I did not go to the Church with the deliberate purpose of painting or of judging it, still less in order to make a trade and business of it. The Church came to me, took possession of me through the force of long habit, by the poignant emotion of my faith, by a determined liking of my soul, which was early opened to it and to it alone, and all along I have written simply. Others, stronger, happier, more gifted, could include Paris, the provinces, the world, in their works! I remained limited to my narrow corner, my own diocese, as Sainte-Beuve would have said, persuading myself, no doubt with a view to mitigating the too painful feeling of my feebleness, that the strong works ought to be, and could be, only such works as those into which their author poured somewhat of his life-blood. Hence a series of books on the ministers, the parish priests, the canons, the bishops . . .⁷

And if he sometimes wanders from these subjects he returns to them so soon, so readily.

I came back invincibly to the Church where I knew everything, people and things, where the least detail of the ceremonies interested me, where the smoke of the censers carried me away to the unseen, even to the heaven which my uncle Fulcran had pointed out to me with his raised hand. Although my spirit did not lose any of its independence, my soul all through my work had constantly submitted to the servitude of a first impress, to the irresistible fascinations of souvenirs.⁸

It would seem as if the French mind were singularly open to the influence of remembrances in later life, when it might be thought that the world

⁷ "Ma Vocation, p. 20.

⁸ *Ibid*

would have dulled such a subtle factor in the mind. We shall all remember how for M. Huysmans, built though he is in a robust mould, these remembrances, these "parfums du passé" play a large part in his change of spirit. In one of the most beautiful passages in his later works he recalls the poetry of the cloisters visited in early childhood, of cousins, of aunts, white as holy bread, whose cold kisses frighten him, of bare convent parlors smelling of beeswax and wood paneling, of lime-tree alleys where he played in the black lace-work of shadows which the pale sunshine cast in damp paths. And is not M. Jules Lemaitre turning back to remembrances when in his *Nouvel Etat d'Esprit* he speaks of the fascination of church music, "ces appels tendres et suppliants vers on ne sait quoi, qui est peut-être par-delà le monde, me remuent jusqu'au fond du cœur."⁹ To modern thought there may be something strange in this fascination, which yet so undoubtedly exists, this fascination which the past exercises over grown men, reducing, some may think, "religion to a souvenir, to a certain hereditary disposition of feelings"; but it is at least a force to be reckoned with if, as Newman has told us, the heart is commonly reached not through the reason but through the imagination. But be this as it may, remembrances make Fabre what he is. He is no originator. If he describes what he has himself felt and known with the tender poetic light of distance over it, he is perfect. His characters are life themselves, simply, clearly drawn as Miss Austen might draw, but with always that superadded glamour of sentiment which yet never ceases to be manly and wholesome. But when he creates he becomes fantastical, unbearable, commonplace. When he writes of Paris and of the great world of

which he knows so little, all goes wrong. But close the *Marquis de Pierrevue* and turn to those idylls, *Mon Oncle Célestin*, *Monsieur Jean*, *Toussaint Galabru*. We do not know any works in the French language which are so full of idyllic thought and sweetness. They may have a thousand faults; they have the one irresistible gift of charm, and all faults are forgiven.

When we stand away from the charm of his books for a moment, and contemplate the French priesthood as drawn for us by this Anthony Trollope of the French clergy, what do we see? We shall perhaps first think of their failings. And we may say at once without any fear of contradiction that they are not the failings which have been declared to be first probable, then certain, then far-reaching, wide-spread, in a celibate clergy. They have faults, but these faults are spiritualized. Something stronger than temperament which can control temperament has laid its hand upon them. There are an Abbé Jourfier and an Abbé Tigrane in Fabre's works, but their passions are cast in a lofty mould. They have the *pli* of the seminary and not of the world. A priest, says M. Jules Lemaitre, is not bad or good in the same fashion as we are.¹⁰ They have the failings of a highly spiritualized class. The dross of the rude flesh seems purged away by a life of discipline, though mental and spiritual faults remain. The sin of Capdepont (son of a rustic St. Teresa, but at the close, Monsignor and "Candidate for the Papacy") is the sin of an archangel, sin of one already in heavenly places, sin by which an angel fell, rather than the sin of an average man.

We may perhaps take the character of the Abbé Nizerolles in *Toussaint Galabru* as a specimen of one whose

⁹ "Un nouvel Etat d'Esprit," p. 12.

¹⁰ "Les Contemporains," p. 307.

temperament is not spiritual, but the training of the Grand-Séminaire has done its work, and although sudden sparks of the old Adam reappear, they are as transient as the flush of anger on the face of Sterne's Franciscan. Nature has almost done with her failings in him. His snare is a love of sport, and his father, *suisse* though he is of the church of St. Alexandre at Montpellier, gives his son a new rifle on the day he says his first Mass. It is a type of the rude, rough, up-bringing of the lad. But religion has refined him. How perfect is his bearing towards M. Terral, his *doyen*, who naturally enough objects to his *vicaire's* love of sport: how simply the young abbé believes in the grace of ordination, how humbly he accepts his degradation and wears his patched cassock in hope! It is all so simple, so sweet. The reality of the spiritual world is so profound to these men that we hardly wonder to find that the son of the old poaching *suisse* becomes a splendid parish priest with the tender heart of a woman, the courage of a giant, the faith of a little child. He goes out against Toussaint Galabru in his rocky stronghold, armed with a stout stick, wherewith to administer a well-deserved thrashing to the huge frame of the sorcerer, and a bottle of holy water to exorcize the evil spirit which has made its dwelling in the soul of Toussaint. And think of the coarse peasant priest Alexandre Matthieu in *Monsieur Jean*, who in the confessional is transformed, gentle, refined as a mother to the naughty Jean. And (but this is straying) that little book is indeed an idyll of a boy's winter day. For all Jean's failings we feel how well taught he is; what a foundation for after-life has been laid in that training which brings him back so quickly to the right path, how plain is the path of penitence to one so trained.

III.

As M. Lemaitre has pointed out, what M. Fabre has to say on the seminary and the priesthood comes with force. He has lived in seminaries and country presbyteries. Priest and seminarists have been his companions for all his young life. And priests are not easily known except in this fashion, for almost always they bring with them into the outside world those polite and ceremonious manners learnt in the seminary, and behind these they hide themselves.¹¹ But Fabre has known them intimately and has loved them. He has seen the glories and the sweetnesses of the priesthood, but he has seen too the straitnesses, and he has not joined its ranks. He is not, perhaps, in what has been described as the happiest position for the historian of any religion—to have once believed it, but to believe it no longer: but he has at least known the life of the priest and has rejected it. And it is the holiness of these men he knew so well that has frightened him from their midst. The idea of taking upon him their vows and not performing their obligations is a thing unknown in his world. We see that not one of the many priests whom Fabre has drawn in never-ending variety ever willingly falls short of the high standard of continued observance expected of them, and let us remember as we see this that the very recitation of the breviary each day is in itself no mean discipline. M. Lemaitre—and we have quoted somewhat often from his criticism of M. Fabre as being that of one whose "radical scepticism" at the time when he wrote that critique would absolve him from any participation in undue praise of the priesthood—M. Lemaitre has said:—

I am persuaded that the sons of peasants who sometimes enter the

¹¹ "Les Contemporains," p. 302.

seminary from worldly ends, take in there, little by little, more exalted sentiments. And if some, after this *entraînement*, end perhaps in taking up the priesthood as a means of livelihood and think above all of their temporal advancement and wellbeing, this mediocrity of soul does not imply that there is either want of faith or neglect of the duties essential to their calling.¹²

It has been said by the devout among Fabre's countrymen that his books were quietly hostile to the Church, that the Abbé Tigrane was an ecclesiastical Satan, that while Renan sapped men's faith in dogma, Fabre attacked the personality of the priesthood. We believe the charge to be unfounded and that no man rises from a volume of Fabre without a kindlier more respectful feeling towards the clergy of whom the Abbé Fulcran or the Abbé Courbezou are no exaggerated types. He knows the inner life of these devout ones and paints it so tenderly with no touch of scorn, no laughter, for what may seem to some the little frail illusions of that life. And if he has such men as Jourfier and Capdepont, even their failures are, as we have said, high and noble in their fashion. Fabre's priests whether in *Lucifer*, the *Abbé Tigrane* or elsewhere, are always priests: they are sometimes saints as well. M. Barbey d'Aurevilly has, we think, judged truly when he says that the *Abbé Tigrane* was written

à la gloire du prêtre et de l'Eglise, de cette Eglise à qui ses ennemis voudraient de petites vertus dont ils pussent moquer et non de grandes devant lesquelles ils tremblent! Rein, au contraire, ne montre mieux que le livre de Fabre la largeur d'idées de cette Eglise—vaste comme la coupole sous laquelle doivent s'abriter les nations!

The author has, he continues,

¹² "Les Contemporains," p. 302.

¹³ Barbey d'Aurevilly, "Le Roman Contemporain," p. 188.

certainement le sentiment très respectueux de la force et de grandeur de l'Eglise, quoique son regard d'observateur ait parfois beaucoup de hardiesse. Les passions de son Abbé Tigrane, très coupables certainement pour un prêtre, n'impliquent au moins aux yeux du monde aucune bassesse.¹³

And if M. Fabre can describe the glories of the sweetness and the pomp of nature in south-eastern France, can lay his finger also on the failings and on the virtues of the French priesthood as he knows it, so too he can describe—who so well as he?—the mystic grace which is to be found in some faces; and here, also, are recollections of things he has seen—of that grace supernatural, beyond the grace of the world of men, which yet seems to belong somehow to the world of wild flowers and birds, and tangled hedgerows, as if there were some mysterious affinity between nature untainted by sin and nature refined by grace. Here are his words on Sister Clotilde of the Visitation, who, with his mother and Mademoiselle Angèle, plays a large part in Fabre's life—words which will illustrate our meaning as well as any longer passage:

Je ne sais quelle pâleur transparente, quelle grâce idéale qui lui imbibait tout le visage, l'enveloppe d'une sorte de resplendissement très doux—cette beauté que la terre ne connaît pas, qui est le sceau imprimé par Dieu même aux perfections de la chair . . . Elle vient à nous paisiblement, très paisiblement. Elle ne se hâte pas plus qu'on ne se hâte au ciel où l'on a l'éternité devant soi.

The mention of Abbé Tigrane above reminds us that Fabre's works divide themselves up into three classes—his Parisian novels, which may well remain closed; his idylls of the Cévennes, with their gentle charm¹⁴; and

¹⁴ "Le Chevrier," it is true, stands rather apart; it is more curious as a study in patois and Old French than interesting.

alone in a high place, *L'Abbé Tigrane*. Here we have no longer a Theocritus playing on his shepherd's flute in woods and quiet places by rivers, no longer an idyll, but a tragedy of souls. Indeed, as has been said, Fabre suffers by the excellence of this one book; it has dwarfed his other works, and made men ask why he could not always write at this level, when he would have been placed with Balzac or with Scott.

L'Abbé Tigrane is unique in that the characters are all priests; no woman, as has been said, flutters across its pages. And therefore, perhaps, the fact that there is not a dull line in it is the more remarkable. The scene is laid in Lormières, a town set down in a cleft of the Corbières mountains, and in the description of its solemn grayness, its bloom of spring trees, its quiet piety, ("in Lormières the faithful, and there are only faithful there, dare take their beads out of their pockets and recite the rosary devoutly in the open street"), the old idyllic grace appears amid stronger, sterner things. If we read only one of Fabre's works, in justice to the author it should be this masterpiece, and it, too, is testimony to the lofty ideals of a much misunderstood body of men.

But just at this moment other of his books might seem to need re-reading, for they are as it were the pendant to M. Huysmans' later works, which are far more widely known. For while M. Huysmans writes of the regular clergy and of the religious orders, M. Fabre concerns himself only with the secular priests, the lonely *desservants* of the fields of France, that great army who are at the absolute disposal of their bishops. And in reading of them we must be struck by the fact that as there is no cynicism in Fabre's pages, no bitterness against men or things; above all we must be struck by the fact that

there is no party bitterness; there is an aloofness from strife, a possibility of concentrating the strength of the soul rather on the Christian life than on differences of opinion. M. Fabre was himself, we believe, a Gallican, and in *Monsignor Fulgence* has said much on various ecclesiastical matters; but this is unusual with him. He there remarks that "les haines religieuses, par les raisons, qu'elles s'abreuvent aux sources mêmes de l'âme et de la vie, sont les plus vivaces de haines."¹⁸ But he is speaking rather of the suspicion with which those within the Church look on those outside it, not of internal divisions; and of so-called party spirit within the Church we find none in these pages. M. Fabre's works were written now some quarter of a century ago. But we believe the spirit of the country clergy in France to be unchanged, and that the bulk of them, whatever may be the upheavals in the world of ecclesiastical politics, keep on their humble paths untouched by party strife, concerned chiefly with the souls of their parishioners, and meddling not with them that are given to change.

If we look around us in our own Church we shall probably find that the nearest approach to the best type of priest in Fabre's works is to be found in a generation which has now vanished: a type preserved for us in Miss Yonge's honored pages, one of which some few representatives lingered on into our own days and have left hallowed memories of saintly if unexciting lives behind them, a type which in a time of fuss and hurry and multiplied societies we can hardly afford to forget. Many of them were men of intellectual power, or at least of culture; they kept their names on the books of their university and were keenly alive to events there and in the Church; but their days were mostly passed in country villages where they

¹⁸ "Monsignor Fulgence," p. 221.

said daily matins and evensong with as scrupulous regularity as ever curé recited the breviary, visited their parishioners diligently, wrote careful if dry sermons, catechized after the second lesson at "Evening Prayer" and were curiously unable to realize that the catechism was sometimes obscure, restored churches—not always judiciously—built and cared for with an almost passionate zeal, a zeal which in the altered aspect of things is now pathetic, those schools in which the "children of the poor" were to be "educated in the principles of the Church of England." They had abundant time for that theological reading in which their souls delighted, but were curiously oblivious to the great social problems which now exercise the readers of the *Commonwealth*, living, it may seem to ardent young priests of to-day,

The Church Quarterly Review.

lives of slumber but hardly of work. And doubtless they had, as all have, their limitations; but yet we can hardly forget, without an ingratitude which would be almost base, that they were pioneers of much which we to-day rejoice in and which has been built only on the foundation of their quiet strength and firm faith. They labored, often in obscurity, and we have entered into their labors. They resemble Ferdinand Fabre's priests in their conscientious fulfilment of the everyday monotonous duties of their isolated and lonely lives, lives which were, however, brightened, like those of his priests under French skies, by a sincere love of the souls committed to their care and by a deep faith in a Divine Church and in its Sacraments as indeed "means of grace."

THE SIGN OF THE SPIDER.

CHAPTER II.

The next morning, with their coffee, Ogilvie and Philip called for the bill and gave instructions about their luggage. They had thought it out, and, after study of the plan of Mulci's Etruscan cemetery, which was well below the level of modern Mulci, decided that they would walk from the tombs to the station in the plain, and thus take train for Rome.

"Whether you do business with that old gentleman or not, Philip, I like the programme if it suits you," said Ogilvie.

Philip said anything would suit him so that he became the purchaser of the Cavalliere's treasures. Nevertheless, he rather wondered at his friend's impetuosity, until Ogilvie explained that he wished to escape a renewal of Signor Scavo's chatter. Ogilvie said that he had had bad dreams, due to the

man's flow of irresponsible speech the previous evening. At least, he hoped it was irresponsible.

And then the landlord came to them. His eyes seemed to indicate excitement; but he brought no bill.

"No, signori," he said. "I understand the discretion of your request, and it shall be the same to Antonio as if the bill were paid. I myself will give him a franc from your excellencies. May the saints be with you and bring things to a happy end!"

"What do you mean?" said Ogilvie. "We wish the portmanteaus to be at the station. We shall not return. The bill, if you please."

Then the man took Ogilvie respectfully by the sleeve and winked.

"I am," he murmured, "infinitely at the service of your excellencies. Perhaps, for the sake of prudence and my

own family's protection, it *will* be better. I shall, therefore, prepare a bill and receipt it, and, in the pleasant and careless English manner, you shall leave it behind and I shall preserve it. *Ecco!* signori. And, again, with permission, may the saints prosper you!"

"How much do you *want*?" asked Ogilvie impatiently.

"Naturally, I want nothing, excellency—nothing. But I shall inscribe the little particulars on a piece of paper and file it with the rest."

"Philip," said Ogilvie, "what do you think of him? He doesn't seem to want us to pay."

"Then, my dear chap, let's shake his hand, give him a blessing, ask him for his photograph as one of the marvels of the age, and be off."

"Yes, but— We, signore, do not accept such favors from strangers. Will five-and-twenty lire content you?"

For two or three solemn moments he and the landlord gazed at each other. Then Ogilvie produced five notes of five lire, and the man took them reluctantly.

"Your excellencies know best," he said, with an air of resignation.

"And I beg of you not to forget the luggage," said Ogilvie. "We are going with the Cavaliere Montarabo—"

"With permission, *curo signore*," exclaimed the landlord of the "Albergo Nazionale," in a tone of entreaty, holding up his hand, "do not inform me. For my family's sake, signore! One is protected by one's ignorance. It would be a most merciful favor, signore, if also it may be quite convenient, to tell me no more. I am always the faithful servant of the administration, and your own also, courageous signore; but as one who has reached his fiftieth year—"

"Philip, you're right. He's an idiot," said Ogilvie. "Come along. We'll see some one else downstairs about the luggage."

They saw Antonio the waiter. Antonio swore by his faith that the portmanteaus should be at the station; and, this settled, they proceeded again to Casa Montarabo. The landlord had followed them down the stairs. He supported Antonio in his statements, and bowed them into the street obsequiously.

"If," said Ogilvie, "he is an average specimen of a Mulci man, I prophesy trouble with our antiquarian friend by-and-by."

"Oh, he can't be. He's a unique," said Philip. "Our own Cavaliere is a hero to him."

"We shall see," said Ogilvie.

They saw nothing in the Cavaliere Montarabo at first, however, except an urbane man of the world, who held his feelings under complete control. The Cavaliere wore a black velvet jacket and a smoky-yellow necktie. These were his strong pictorial points of the morning.

"A little glassful of something spirituous, gentlemen, before our excursion," he suggested, producing an ancient glass jug in which was a greenish fluid. "It is a cordial made by certain monks."

Ogilvie excused himself, and answered for Philip also.

"You don't want any of those sickly syrups, do you?" he said afterwards.

"No, my dear chap. I want only to get his treasure. Tell him so."

This Ogilvie did more or less elaborately. The Cavalier drank two little glasses of the cordial, and then began to talk as untiringly, it seemed to Philip, as that eccentricity of a landlord. Ogilvie listened and then interpreted.

"I'm afraid, Philip," he said, "he may not prove a seller after all. He doesn't know us, he says, except on Count Barga's letter, and our friend the Count seems an eclectic sort of fish, in with all sorts and conditions of men."

"I'll show him my passport," cried Philip.

He did more. He unfolded his London bankers' letter of credit, empowering him to draw on their agents in different parts of the world to the extent originally of no less than fifteen thousand pounds, and he set it before the Cavaliere, with a request to Ogilvie to explain that only two thousand of the fifteen had been used.

"And, look here, old chap, tell him what I'm going to do. I'm going to write an order on Alvani Fratelli, the fellows in Rome, for the six thousand sterling he wants. Then he can see for himself that we're no triflers." He stepped to a little writing-table by the stove. "Of course I'll keep it till I've seen the things. It's a sort of guarantee of good faith, as they say."

"I wouldn't be rash," murmured Ogilvie, who then handed the letter of credit to the Cavaliere and expounded it and Philip's actions.

Philip wrote the draft, and before the Cavaliere had done with the letter of credit he was invited to look at this also.

"My dear boy, don't be so *young*," said Ogilvie.—"I tell him, Cavaliere, that it is foolish to be in such haste. Of course, if your curiosities are for disposal, the purchase will be an affair of slow deliberation. He is a foolish boy, and it is well that he has a cool head like mine to keep him company."

Then, with his hand to his heart, the Cavaliere smiled and returned the papers to Philip.

"I am satisfied," he said. "Pardon the caution of an old man who was also at one time young and hasty and generous-minded like your estimable friend. I have nothing more to say. If you are ready, we will proceed to the tombs; and afterwards, gentlemen, you will, I hope, give me the pleasure of your company at breakfast. Then, if you desire, we will talk business."

"Many thanks," said Ogilvie. He mentioned the train they wished to catch, and the Cavaliere seemed momentarily very interested. He pressed his hospitality, however, though perhaps with a shade less ardor; then took his hat and a bunch of keys and led the way from the house.

"We will go through the garden, gentlemen," he said. "It is shorter."

They passed down an avenue of small orange-trees in pots, beyond which most of the area seemed given up to salad stuffs and flowers; descended to a mouldering old terracotta swan-fountain of Etruscan design, which dribbled water as if it were tired; and so to a door at the bottom of some grass-grown steps. This opened, they were on a tufa ridge with a desolate ravine beneath and scrub-covered hills beyond.

By a narrow zigzag path barely a foot wide, the Cavaliere, in silence that seemed to Ogilvie somewhat remarkable, conducted them obliquely towards the valley.

To be sure, Philip had plenty to say. His imagination had bestirred itself. He was recreating the ancient city of the time of Lars Porsena, which, with its towers and walls and palaces, had once adorned the low hill on the other side of the valley. He had his map open, and constantly referred to it. When interrogated about the site, the Cavaliere confirmed the information of the guide-book.

Once the Cavaliere asked a question on his part.

"You are sure, gentlemen, that I cannot persuade you to return with me? Perhaps your luggage may not be down there waiting for you?"

Ogilvie vouched for the luggage, and again expressed his regrets. And then he also asked a question.

"Is Signor Scavo of the hotel what you would call a sane man?"

"Sane, signore?"

"Sane and honest? There are no brigands in Italy nowadays, of course, or none worth thinking about, but—I confess that man puzzled me."

The Cavaliere looked round.

"Ah!" he said. And then, slowly, "Scavo has black blood in him. But"—and he smiled while he rubbed his hands—"as you say, signore, there are no brigands in Italy now of the old kind. There is nothing to fear. I do not like the man, but I think he would not dare to interfere with your luggage. Be tranquil about that."

He marched on. Ogilvie did not think it worth while to assure him that no such fear had entered his head. He was feeling vaguely perplexed and even anxious about he scarcely knew what. Perhaps it was the gloom of that lower Apennine landscape, with the heavy thunder-clouds brooding over the higher hills and threatening soon to descend and break upon them, or it may have been the oppressive heat. The Mulci landlord also had contributed to the disturbance of his mind, without a doubt. In brief, he frowned and wished they had both done with this depressing spot. But it was their cheerful purpose first of all to prowl about a number of tombs; and afterwards, if he knew Philip as well as he believed he did, some thousands of pounds were to be squandered upon a whim. Sinful extravagance at least.

Suddenly the Cavaliere stopped at the edge of a well. It looked like a well; but there were steps down it—about twenty of them—and at the bottom was a door in the rock.

"It is the Tomb of the Dancing Women, signori," said the Cavaliere, who then inserted a key, pushed, and let forth upon them a rush of cold, fusty air. A lamp was ready to his hand inside, and, being lighted, displayed the ancient sepulchre to their view. It was named from the fres-

coes on its walls. These, by their colors and sprightliness, delighted both Ogilvie and Philip.

"The treasures are not here," said Ogilvie when Philip dropped again to the desire of his heart. "They're in another one, he says."

"All right; let's get to them. This is very charming and mouldy, but it gives me the creeps. And what in the world made them paint such frivolous pictures above a dead man?"

The Cavaliere said it was one of their customs. He promised to give them a book of his own writing upon the subject anon. And now, if they wished, he would skip certain intermediate sepulchres and take them to the Tomb of the Golden Bler, his present treasure-chamber.

"By all means; at once," said Philip.

They were pushing through a brake of brambles and Judas-trees, when the Cavaliere spoke words which Ogilvie remembered by-and-by.

"You have perhaps some provisions with you, gentlemen, to eat before you go to the railway? If not, I reproach myself for my want of consideration."

Ogilvie told him that they had given their appetites no immediate thought.

"Is there not an inn near the station?" he inquired.

"Certainly there is an inn. It is a poor house, but eggs and wine and cheese are to be had. Nevertheless, I reproach myself. It is coarse fare for a well-bred mouth."

"Not at all," said Ogilvie; and he passed on the amusing phrase, "well-bred mouth," to Philip.

And now, lowering his head, and signalling them to be similarly heedful, the Cavaliere struggled through some dense brushwood. In the heart of it more rough steps appeared. Descending these, still harassed by the thorns of the *macchia*, they came to another doorway, half-draped with ivy, which heavily mantled the cliff above them.

They had crossed the valley, and were under the site of the original city.

"We have arrived, signori," said the Cavaliere.

The stone slab which closed the tomb required three keys to release it. Having used the last key, the Cavaliere put his shoulder to the stone, and with a whining creak, this moved slowly inwards. Beyond was an iron gate, which also had to be unlocked. Beyond that black darkness.

"By Jove! a banker's strong-room is nothing to this," whispered Phillip. "What an awful hole!"

A bat shot past his cheek out of the sepulchre.

"I suppose," said Ogilvie, "the peasants are not very fond of these tombs, Cavaliere? Of course they are haunted?"

"*Si*, signori," replied the Cavaliere briskly. "Naturally they are still possessed by the spirits of the old dead. But we others"—he laughed (and by-and-by they recalled the peculiar sardonic glee of his laughter)—"we others are not superstitious. Education, signori, is a fine whip for such follies. Enter, if you please."

They stepped inside the grill, which the Cavaliere held for them and then gently pushed close. Another lamp was lighted, a small pottery vessel with oil and two wicks floating in it. Slowly the yellow radiance crept over the chamber, its ledging of stone—stone-vaulting with a stone beam across it like that in old English farmhouses—its frescoes, and, at the farther end, three chestnut-wood cabinets of shining gold and silver.

"Behold, signori!" said the Cavaliere, taking from an upper recess a slight and elegant framework of metal about a yard long, supported on four legs. "This is the golden bier of the tomb's name. One conjectures that the child which lay upon it was the child of a prince. Examine it, signori, while I

unlock the cupboards. There are also the paintings; though they have suffered much. But you shall have leisure for them."

He set down the lamp on the mortuary ledge half-way between them and the cupboards. Of these he opened but one.

"Signori," he said, turning with a smile which in that sallow light made him look like an ill-dispositioned corpse temporarily resuscitated, "I am in your power. It is the custom of the English, is it not, when on their travels, to carry revolvers? Do you not see how I am confiding myself and my property to your honor? You also carry revolvers, I think?"

"No, sir," said Ogilvie. "But—what was that?"

"The storm breaks. It is the thunder," said the Cavaliere. "Well, then, since you are unarmed, I feel at ease. Pardon, signori, if I jest in such bad taste; but it is a wicked world, and one must be upon one's guard, you understand. Do me the favor to hold the lamp while I— But no. A little moment. We must have more light. I beg of you, examine this gold ointment-pot."

Having given the lamp to Ogilvie, he put into Phillip's eager hands an exquisite little effigy of a long-tressed woman with a movable screw-head.

"What a beauty!" cried Phillip. "Just look at its workmanship. Boots, too! Who'd have thought those ancients wore such things? As handsome a nose as any Greek ever boasted about! Why, old chap"—he lowered his voice as he let his eyes range over the shelves of dull gold necklets, the spoons of gold and ivory, the fibulae and small vases also of gold, and the many other trifles of Etruscan domestic and personal usage in the precious metals and ivory—"our civilization isn't much better than theirs when you come to think of it; and if you com-

pare our cemeteries with theirs—" The iron grill to the tomb clicked faintly.

"*Addio, signori,*" said the Cavaliere calmly from the other side of the grill. "If one may advise, die with as much speed as possible, because it is painful to linger long in starvation. Ah! that is a mistake, my friend. *Addio!*"

Oglivie had rushed towards him and hurled the lamp at a venture. It broke into fragments against the iron bars.

"We're trapped!" cried Oglivie in the gloom as he wrestled with the gate.

And then the stone door groaned on

Chambers's Journal.

its hinges, rode home with a thud, and no ray of light remained to them in the Tomb of the Golden Bier. They heard the methodical turning of the keys in the outer lock, and after that all was still, as the Cavaliere Montarabo, with the face of a satyr, well pleased with himself, cautiously groped from the thicket and scanned the desolate landscape. Some sheep in the valley were the only living objects in sight, save his evil self. The thunder rolled over the hills and the lightning darted as he carefully returned to the garden of Cas Montarabo.

C. Edcardes.

(To be continued.)

QUAINT MEMORIES.

II.

I was reading the other day Miss Burney's singularly attractive "*Evelina*," which Dr. Johnson thought so highly of, and Burke sat up all night to read; and their admiration can hardly be said to be misplaced. It is almost hard to realize how such manners and customs could have prevailed little more than a hundred years ago. And yet, carry the date on some fifty years, and you may find ways of going on which would be absolutely impossible at the present day. Conceive something of this kind happening in a parish in 1905:

The brother of a once-famous Dean of Christ Church was rector of a small parish. His eccentricity was somewhat remarkable. He was a famous whip, and drove a splendid team, of which he was very proud. He was fond of showing off how he could flick a fly from either of his leaders' ears without touching the horse. This accomplishment he transferred to a rather unexpected locality; for he al-

ways carried his whip up into the pulpit with him, and woe to the unfortunate member of his congregation whom he detected nodding, or otherwise misbehaving. The lash flew round and round in such pretty curls, and finally descended with unerring aim on the head of the delinquent. Doubtless with the best motives, and with no sense of what we should consider their strange incongruity as to time and place, such methods *might* have been adopted, but the self-centred unconsciousness of the monarch of all he surveyed, that any other opinion of the appropriateness of his mode of instilling beneficial culture could possibly be entertained inside or outside of his little parochial enclosure, rather moves one's sense of humor.

But those were days when every one did what appeared right in his own eyes, and there were no vigilant and curious and ubiquitous reporters to take steps that each smallest occurrence should be flashed over the world,

as Dr. Johnson has it, "from China to Peru," or more fittingly to the point now "from Britain to Japan."

A *propos* of singular methods, I remember my father telling me of a noted Nonconformist preacher of that day in London who, in his anxiety to arouse his congregation from their inertness, and to move them to personal activity, trenchantly expressed himself thus: "You won't take any trouble for yourselves, you won't move a finger. In fact, you all think you'll get to heaven by hanging on to my coat-tails. But I'll take care you don't. I'll cheat you, for I'll go in a short jacket." This kind of thing would somewhat astonish a London congregation at the present day.

Another anecdote illustrates clerical oddities of that period.

There was another clergyman who lived near us who had a great fancy for training up the small boys in his village to be good grooms. For this purpose he kept eight donkeys, and used to make the boys clip and groom them and keep them in perfect order, and he would drive them, sometimes, in tandem, sometimes a pair, but oftener as a team—four, six, or eight—with the small boys always ready to run to their heads if necessary. And those donkeys *did* know how to go. They could go splendidly; but they also knew how to go backwards or stop dead short, and then no power could move them till they chose; and they always seemed to prefer to show off in this way in the middle of the town, particularly on market days, to the great annoyance of their master and the delight of the spectators. I remember once he was in Oxford, and wishing to attend some college meeting, he sent a message to his head groom (a lad of twelve or fourteen), to bring his cap and gown to the "Angel." He happened to be in the inn when the lad arrived, driving the donkeys tandem

through the streets, and dressed up in his master's cap and gown! When he thought the boys were sufficiently instructed, he exchanged the donkeys for four horses, but was obliged to buy stools for the boys to stand on to groom them, as they were so small they could not otherwise reach high enough.

This same good clergyman found his parishioners were greatly given to stealing his young rooks. So one night he dressed himself up in a sheet, and waited patiently under the trees till the thieves were well up them, when he suddenly let off a blue light. They screamed out to each other that the devil was after them for stealing "parson's rooks." Down they came helter-skelter as hard as they could. One man fell into a ditch and spent the night there, afraid to move, whilst another rushed home, and finding his wife gone to bed, and the door locked, would not wait for her to open it, but burst it open before she could get downstairs, and tumbled into bed with his clothes on. Unfortunately for the rooks, this ingenious parson enjoyed the joke so much that he could not help telling the tale, and it was not long before the culprits knew who the *somebody* really was!

Thinking of Oxford reminds me of poor old Mr. Short of Trinity, or Tommy Short as he was irreverently called. He was one of the warmest-hearted of men. The numberless kind things he did for undergraduates, and others may still be remembered by some old men of the present day; but he was quite a noted character in his time, and many were the practical jokes played at his expense. He used to walk from Oxford to Abingdon every Sunday morning, to take morning service at St. Nicholas. One Sunday the floods were out in the lower part of the town, and some lads were trying to earn an honest penny by car-

rying or wheeling any one who would trust them through the water. They managed to persuade Mr. Short to get into the wheelbarrow, and, having once got him into it, they ran him straight on up to the church door, where they landed him in the midst of his astonished congregation.

But before leaving the Oxford dons I really must relate a rather curious story which Dr. Mansel, the late Dean of St. Paul's, told me, of a meeting he once attended, where a local dissenting preacher got up and addressed the meeting with, "My friends, you've got these learned English clergy here, and I should just like to ask them a few plain questions. You see, my friends, they make a lot of being able to read different languages, but I am thankful to say I have got my own English Bible, and that's enough for me. What, my friends, do you mean to tell me that you suppose St. Paul read all that gibberish? No, no, my friends, you may depend upon it St. Paul talked as good honest English as you and I do. Now I just want to ask them a question out of my English Bible, which I'll trouble them to answer. Now, they are always wanting to baptize the babies. Now, where do they find that in the English Bible? I read, "Except a *man* be born again." Now, my friends, it don't say a *boy*, nor a *gal*, nor even a *ooman*, much less a *babby*, but a *man* must be born again. Now answer me that?" Dr. Mansel got up and said he could not congratulate himself upon knowing *only* the English language. On the contrary, he was deeply thankful to feel that he could read the Bible in the languages in which it was originally written. But that was neither here nor there. Now, to answer his friend out of his own English Bible, it is written that a woman "remembereth no more the anguish, for joy that a *man* is born into the world." "Now, my friends, it does

not say a *boy*, it does *not* say a *girl*, and it *certainly* does *not* say a *baby*, but a *man* that is born into the world."

But I must not let my thoughts linger with Dr. Mansel, delightful as the subject is, for every one who ever knew him has doubtless treasured up some of his wonderfully clever, witty sayings, but I must go back still further, for I want you to realize something of the old electioneering days, and the fun that went on and the tricks that were played on both sides. At one election the numbers ran so close that there was only one vote wanted to turn the scale, but the Radicals had caught that vote, and shut him up in a house, placing men to guard the door. Now it happened to be a very narrow street, called Bridge Street, where the house stood, and his friends, finding out where he was, ran a ladder across from the opposite house, through an upper window, and the voter crawled across, and was taken by his friends to the poll, while his captors were still carefully guarding the door, amid the jeers of the mob, who had thoroughly enjoyed watching the performance.

I know one election cost us a very valuable silver inkstand, for it was known that the Member and his lawyer were dining at our house, and thinking they might gain some valuable information, a man was sent by the opposition into the garden, and told to lie on the deep window-sill under the dining-room window, to hear all he could of what was discussed. The weather was very warm, and the windows were wide open, though the blinds were down; and after the gentlemen left the dining-room, the man put his hand in and secured the inkstand in question, which was on a table near the window. It was not missed till the next morning, when it had already been sent to be melted down.

Sir Frederic Thesiger, afterwards

Lord Chelmsford, was for many years our Member, and in those old chairing days it was great fun to see him carried about in a chair, decorated with the Conservative colors, and borne on the shoulders of his constituents, bowing right and left, and trying to look as if he liked it and as if he did not feel giddy, whilst he scattered profusion around, in the shape of shillings, sixpences, and fourpences. The struggles and scrambling that went on for this largess were anything but edifying, for the weakest, of course, got nothing, whilst the strongest, and generally the most worthless, filled their pockets, only to empty them at the public's.

I remember hearing that at a large public meeting the speaker was interrupted by a man shouting out, "Why do you use those long words? Why don't you talk a language we can all understand?" The speaker looked the man steadily in the face for a minute or two, and then said "Ee-awh!" three times, as loud as he could. The man subsided amidst a roar of laughter.

But enough of elections, and now for a word about a singular form of female decoration. Lady Thesiger once showed me a curious bracelet she was wearing. It was made of little bits of sharp-pointed ivory set in gold. If I remember right, she told me she had had fourteen children, and this bracelet was made of the first little tooth of each child. It struck me as such a quaint idea that I never forgot it.

Radley in my young days belonged to the Bowyer family. Sir George Bowyer's father, having been cheated by some scoundrel into the belief that there was coal on the estate, began at once to have a canal dug to take it away; and there the remains of the unfinished canal may be seen to this day.

But alas! all the property was gradually dug into it, and mortgage after mortgage told a ruinous tale, till at

last the old man was obliged to end his days in Italy, and there his two sons were educated by the Jesuits till, at their father's death, they returned to England. But the estates were mortgaged past hope, and the new Sir George was thankful to sell the property to the trustees of what is now Radley College.

When Sir George first returned to England he was a frequent visitor at my father's, but after he declared himself a Romanist his visits were discontinued. His brother could hardly speak a word of English when he first returned from Italy, and knew nothing of English ways and customs. We were asked to meet him at dinner at a friend's house, but at the appointed hour no guest appeared, so after waiting for some time, dinner was ordered in. The fish was just removed when the butler whispered something very mysteriously to his master, who at once sent him round with a private message to my father, who was a county magistrate, when both gentlemen rose and left the room, followed by the butler. The lady of the house called to one of the servants and insisted on knowing what was the matter. "If you please, ma'am, the cook has found a man in the pantry and she is sure he is after the silver spoons." In a few moments my father and our host returned, convulsed with laughter, and ushered in the expected guest. When they got downstairs they found the cook planted with her back against the door, saying: "It's no use your talking that gibberish. I tell you you shan't come out till master and the men folk come down." Mr. Bowyer explained that it was the custom in Italy to walk straight into a friend's house, and finding a door open he had wandered in till the cook found him in the pantry and locked him in.

I remember reading a very funny letter of condolence Mr. Bowyer sent

to a poor clergyman on the death of his wife. I know it began by saying he was so very sorry to hear his friend had lost his wife, but for his own part, he only wished he could have 'the luck to lose one, but he couldn't, for he never could get one, and it was all the fault of the fathers who would not give him a chance, &c.

The day I read that letter I shall never forget. It was the day after the poor lady had been buried. My father had sent me with a note and a kind message, and, whilst waiting for the answer, the poor widower came in and begged me to wait whilst he wrote, and handed me Mr. Bowyer's letter, amongst others, to read meantime. He was dreadfully cut up, poor man, and could hardly speak to me, and I suppose I felt rather nervous and upset also, for I had known them both from a child. However, I had not read far into the letter before I burst out laughing, and the poor old man caught the infection, and he laughed too, and we both laughed so heartily that we got quite hysterical and I was thankful to get away before his daughters returned, for I felt sure they would think me a most unfeeling wretch.

My stories, I am afraid, tumble one over the other, but I must ask my readers to pick them up and make the very best they can of them.

A cousin of mine went to take duty in a remote hamlet in Lincolnshire. He was astonished to find a great part of the west end of the church, under the tower, stacked almost to the roof with faggots. He told the clerk, after service, that he hoped they would be taken away, anything so unseemly could not be allowed in a church. "Lor', sir! Muster A——" (mentioning the farmer's name) "would never hear of they faggots being moved. Why, they do make capital ferreting. There's a wonderful lot of rabbits gets in there,

and beautiful sport 'tis too, I can tell you. No, 'twould never do to move they faggots!" In the winter my cousin would often receive a message from the farmer saying it was so cold that nobody wouldn't go to church to-day, but if Muster Paul liked to come, there'd be no objection to his having service in the kitchen.

There was a curate in the neighboring hamlet who was anxious to make it a model village. But the people thought him too meddlesome in some things, and especially resented his wanting to choose their children's names. So they kept their children back till he went for his holidays, and then brought them all to be christened, and called them the most outlandish names. I remember one called her son Maher-shalal-hash-baz, and the unfortunate youth went by the name of Baz as long as he lived. He may be alive now; I do not know. But that was not so comical as what occurred to Mr. Roberts, a chaplain of Magdalen, who was baptizing a gypsy child at Drayton. When he asked for the name they said: "If the gentleman would be pleased to choose himself, they did not mind as long as it was a Scripture name." But he told them he would prefer their choosing for themselves; so after much consultation they said they had agreed that they wished it called *Beelzebub!* and when he remonstrated that he could not possibly give the child that name, they said, "Why, it's a Bible name, sir, so it must be a good un."

I wonder whether you will believe the following: When I was a young girl, I was staying with some friends at Burton-on-Trent, and at church in the afternoon a very young curate got up and began trying to preach extempore. He gave out his text, "Remember Lot's wife," and then, evidently in his nervousness, his memory utterly failed him, and after waiting for some

time he again repeated, "Remember Lot's wife." But it was no use. "My friends, we are told to 'Remember Lot's wife.'" Dearly beloved brethren, the Scripture moveth us in sundry places to—[aside] Oh! dear, that's not it—"Remember Lot's wife." So again and again the poor fellow tried, and at last gave up in despair. He could *not* remember what he meant to have said. On my return to the house, the old housekeeper met me at the door, and asked me if I had been to church, and on my telling her I had: "Then please tell me what the sermon was about?" I laughed, and asked her why she wanted to know? She said the page told her he had been to church, but she did not believe him, for when she asked him what the sermon was about, he said, "I don't know what sort of a sermon ye call it. It was all about telling a fellow to look after another fellow's wife." I thought it was an excellent *résumé* of the discourse.

I am afraid I have given my readers too many incidents bordering on the ridiculous. I must now wind up this second instalment of my "Quaint Memories" with something of a more serious cast.

There were some friends of my dear father's who often used to visit us when I was a very little child; but I never can forget their history.

Captain Sturt was sailing in his yacht off the coast of Portugal when a sudden calm set in, and for several days they had to cling as close to the rocks as they could, to get a slight land breeze. They were becalmed off Cape St. Vincent, and one day Captain Sturt went ashore to explore. He climbed up the rock, and there on the top, lying a little way back, stood a large convent. He walked up to look at it, and was surprised to see a small handkerchief waving from the grating in the gate. On going up to it he found two nuns behind it. One of them spoke to

him in English, telling her sad tale. She said her father was an Englishman, and her mother a Portuguese lady of fortune. I believe they lived in England during their married life. On her husband's death the widow returned with her daughter to Portugal to claim her property, and they lived there for some years. On her mother's death the girl's uncle seized on her property and promptly shut his niece up in the convent. She said she was perfectly miserable, and implored Captain Sturt to get her out. She had only one friend, the nun who was with her, who was as anxious as she was to escape. What could he do? Surely he could manage something for them. After a short conversation it was agreed that, on the following evening, when the other nuns went to vespers, she was to plead indisposition and ask leave for her friend to remain in her cell with her. The cell had a window that overlooked the sea. Captain Sturt was to come with some of his men and throw up a rope ladder to the barred window, and they were to try and squeeze through. This she managed to do. But her friend, who was somewhat stouter, stuck fast between the bars of the window, and no efforts could drag her through, neither could she squeeze herself back. At last Captain Sturt was most reluctantly obliged to leave her, poor thing, or, as he said, they would all have been lost.

When they arrived in England Captain Sturt married the lady. But she was so distressed and miserable about the fate of her poor friend that he sailed off again, as soon as he could, to see if there was any possibility of rescuing her. But alas! where the window once was, with its iron grating, there now stood out a large bulge of masonry. They had bricked the poor creature in.

Years after, when I was steaming round the same coast the captain of

the vessel I was in lent me his telescope to look at the ruins of his once-famous convent; and there, as far as we could see, were the long rows of little barred windows; and at the far end, which seemed to correspond exactly to my story, for no sign of any window showed, only, as I said, a bulge in the wall. Poor Mrs. Sturt was so terribly distressed at her husband's report that she could never speak of her friend without tears in her eyes.

But this was not the only curious thing that happened to Captain Sturt. He had a great friend, an old gentleman called Mr. Grenville. On returning from one of his numerous voyages he went to see this old friend, and was greatly troubled to hear that he had gone out of his mind, and had been shut up in a private lunatic asylum.

In those days, as everybody knows, the laws about lunatics were not strict as they are now. I remember when

The Monthly Review.

the poor creatures used to be shut up in cellars, and one could see their poor faces mouthing and grinning through the grating; or they were chained to the village pump.

Captain Sturt found out where his friend was shut up, and went to visit him, and was rejoiced to find that the poor old man was not mad at all, but, having been very much displeased with his two nephews, he had threatened to disinherit them. Whereupon they summarily got rid of him by shutting him up in an asylum. Captain Sturt went to law about it, and the poor man was set at liberty. Out of gratitude, Mr. Grenville made a will leaving all his property to him, on condition of his taking the name of Grenville in addition to his own. All the trouble he had been through had shaken the old gentleman so much that he died very shortly after; and when we knew the Captain and his wife they were Captain and Mrs. Sturt Grenville.

E. Hessey.

THAT WONDERFUL EVENING.

We were all in our old clothes; shabby and comfortable and noisy and jolly; certain that no one would come near us except the chosen two we had invited—cousins for whom nothing mattered, and who much preferred the schoolroom to the drawing-room that December afternoon, when the fog was so thick outside that you could scarcely see the lamps in the street, even the lamp just across the way, when—the door opened.

The door opened, and there she stood, the terrible great-aunt, whom the girls—I call my elder sisters "the girls"—*will* make a fuss about, now that they are grown-up, because she takes them to all sorts of horrid things that they never would have cared for at my age,

and because they say she is "Kind," and all that. I don't call it "Kind" to swoop them off and never think of me—but I have got my story to tell, so sha'n't bother with Aunt Cecilia's tiresomeness.

She was the last person one would ever have expected to see out in a fog—though, to be sure, nothing stops her when she has got one of her "Projects," as she calls them, into her head; and directly I saw her standing there, dressed as smartly as ever, and looking as pleased as if she were sure of her welcome in *my* schoolroom, I just knew she hadn't come without a purpose which would spoil everything. Well, there she stood, and grinned all round.

Of course the girls jumped forward—they are always supposed to have such good manners—and you would have thought they were delighted. Perhaps they were; I wasn't. And I think Dick and Walter felt with me; but one couldn't expect them to show it, as men must be civil, especially to old aunts.

"How cosy and merry you look, my dears!" began she; and then pulled off her huge sable boa, and panted. I knew she thought the room hot; for there was a roaring fire at which we had been roasting chestnuts, and the schoolroom is small for five people.

However, no one could find fault with that smooth beginning; and certainly we had been very "cosy and merry" a minute before, and might have gone on being so but for the footman's stupidity in letting her in.

"I can't stop," cried Aunt Cecilia next.

"Nobody wants you to," muttered I under my breath—but I felt relieved; because though tea was over, and they had hardly left anything on the plates—everyone was so hungry, and they all said what a good tea I had provided for them—still, if Aunt Cecilia had wanted some, I should have had to ring up Jane, and get it for her.

"No, thank you, Adelaide," continued our aunt (not thanking me, whose room it was—and I thought Adelaide might have remembered that, and not spoken as if she were the hostess). "No, my dear, I really can't wait, and I have had tea besides." (Of course she had—at a dozen places, most likely. She "goes everywhere," and I suppose has tea everywhere, greedy old thing.) "What I came about was to see if you and Hilda would dine with me at the 'Carlton' this evening."

There, I knew it—I knew she had a "Project"—and now there were the

girls as pleased as Punch, purring over her, and hardly letting her get out her say for "Thank yous."

"I am so glad you are not engaged," continued Aunt Cecilia, bending over her muff in that way she has which people call "gracious."

"Delightful!" cried Adelaide.

"So lucky!" chimed in Hilda.

I will say that for them, they always stand up for Aunt Cecilia through thick and thin; so I knew they really were pleased and grateful and all that—and if it had been any other evening it would have been all right: I don't grudge them their fun, I'm sure—but it was nearly six o'clock, and there was Aunt Cecilia saying, "We must dine at seven, or as soon after as you can manage it; for I have secured a box at the Vaudeville conditionally, and—"

I forget the rest—I forget everything but that Dick and Walter were included in the invitation, and that there was a regular hubbub, in the midst of which the ogress put on her boa, and tapping me on the cheek—me, whom she had used so cruelly!—said just as if she had done nothing:

"I shall have to include Jenny by-and-by. Oh, not for three years yet? But how tall she is growing!"

At which I jerked my face away, and regularly *ginned* inside.

Adelaide says I shall feel differently when the time comes; but I sha'n't. At least, I shouldn't if there were a poor little girl left alone at home to spend her evening all by herself, and at Christmas time, too.

Of course Aunt Cecilia may not have remembered that father and mother were away, and for a moment I hoped someone would remind her of this. So did Dick, I fancy, for I heard him whisper aside:

"I say, is Jenny going anywhere to-night?"

And Hilda answered rather quickly

that I wasn't, but that I had a number of parties in prospect.

"Rather rough on her; why shouldn't she come too?" said he in a louder voice, as if he meant to be heard.

Oh, how my heart jumped! If Aunt Cecilia would—and she really wasn't a bad old sort except for her "Projects"—but just as I was looking towards her, almost sure she was going to speak, Hilda struck in, never giving her a chance.

"What are you thinking of?" said she, with a laugh. "My dear Dick, a child like that dine at the Carlton? Besides, the play isn't one for her at all," she added very demurely. Hilda can be awfully prim sometimes.

"What *is* a play for her?" said he, after a minute's thought.

"Oh, the pantomime," announced Miss Hilda—and I could have beaten her.

She would not have bestowed so much time on me and my affairs, only that Dick is rather an important family member, and everyone listens to him and answers him when he asks questions. He is rich and independent; and though not exactly handsome, there is something about him that I know the girls find "taking." Sometimes I hear them squabbling together over Dick. Not that either of them is in love with him; but if he began it, I don't fancy Addy, or Hilda, or half-a-dozen others for that matter, would hold back. He has a good-humored way of saying and doing just what he chooses; and I have heard other girls who come to visit ours say that he is "tremendously run after"; and "so difficult to get hold of"; and that you have "to bait the hook" for him; and a lot more of the same sort.

When I hear those remarks, though I don't quite understand them, I feel most awfully pleased. I see that anyhow they can't get Dick, *our* Dick, our

own particular property, away from us, however they may try; and I see, too, that Addy and Hilda are secretly as proud of the fact as I—so that when that old "Projectmonger"—that's what I call Aunt Cecilia when I'm angry—beamed with her full-moon face upon her dear nephew (for Dick is her nephew, that's to say her great-nephew as well as us—oh, what do I mean? Of course we are *Shes*, so we can't be either nephews or great-nephews), but anyhow, when she invited him to join the party, I knew why everyone seemed more frisky than ever, even though Dick didn't exactly accept.

He said he would go home and "Look at his book."

If anyone else had cheeked Aunt Cecilia by saying that, she would have withered him to shreds with that eye of hers; there is nothing she can stand less than what she calls "the impudence of young men of the present day"; but to hear her cajole Dick you would have thought his reply the most natural thing in the world.

"We shall see you if you *can* come, then," said she, ever so benignantly.

As for Walter, he was simply as keen for her party as the girls. I do hate that boy sometimes. He is always trying to get in with the grown-ups, and only condescends to any of our doings—of mine and my friends'—if some of Addy's and Hilda's are taking part in whatever it is.

So of course *he* never gave a thought to my being left alone while they were so grand and fine at their "Carlton" and their "Vaudeville," and was all in a hurry to get off to dress; in fact, he left before Aunt Cecilia did—having a long way to go, he said. Dick has rooms only about five minutes off, so perhaps Walter might be excused, especially as he has to get about in 'buses, and they do take an awful time.

Anyhow, he almost ran into his great-

coat, and we heard the front-door slam the next moment.

Aunt Cecilia might have given him a lift in her carriage; and if he had been Dick I dare say she would—but people who have carriages don't generally give lifts to those who would be glad of them—and I don't believe she would have asked Walter to join her party either, only that she couldn't exactly leave him out. If he had said he would "Look at his book"—but he knew better.

We all went out into the hall with our swell aunt; and when she was gone, the girls pushed me back into the schoolroom. There were a lot of their things there—presents and cards—but they only cried, "Jenny, clear up!" as they flew upstairs, leaving Dick, for a wonder, without any ceremony. I suppose they thought it didn't matter, as they were to meet again so soon.

And the schoolroom that had even impressed Aunt Cecilia as comfortable and cheerful a quarter of an hour before, looked perfectly beastly now; with a litter on every table, and the messy old tea-things all scattered about, and a sort of general hugger-mugger that even I felt, thought I didn't generally mind that sort of thing. It was the forlornness of it. It was the girls running away from it. It was the feeling that they all despised it—now. I just stood still, and something rose in my throat.

I didn't want to cry; that would have been too silly; but I wasn't going to "Clear up," which it was Jane's place to do if the mess was mine, and no one's if it was left by Addy and Hilda. "Jenny, clear up," indeed! The mean things. And I could hear their bell pealing for their Henriette, the French maid, who I hoped was out—at least, I didn't exactly hope it, but I felt it would serve them right if she were, and they had to dress by themselves

for once. I was listening for the next sound, when it came from nearer than I thought, and made me start. Dick was standing in the doorway speaking to me.

I had taken it for granted he was gone; and somehow my hand went straight up to my eyes, and the fingers came away wet, which would have been terribly humiliating if he could be supposed to have seen, but I don't think he did; at least, he took no notice, and went talking on.

"Look here, Jenny, I don't fancy this 'Carlton' business, and they'll get on just as well without me. What do you say to the pantomime for you and me? That's to say, if we can get some older person to keep us in countenance. Your governess, eh? What you think?"

Think? I could only gasp.

"Your mother has allowed you to go with me when I provided a chaperon before now," continued he, talking rather fast, as if he saw I was half stunned; "and Sophia would come again if we asked her, I dare say; but your governess would be better, if we could get her? She lives close by, doesn't she?"

"At the corner house. Oh, Dick!"

"Would she care to come?"

Care? My dear Miss Maberly, who was a regular martinet in school hours, and the dearest and most sympathetic of human beings out of them! If anything could have enhanced the pleasure (there now, that's the kind of phrase I put into my essays, and Miss Maberly always gives me "Very good," and sometimes "Excellent" for my essays, so I shall just repeat it), if anything could have enhanced the pleasure of going to the pantomime—going with Dick, going straight off on the spur of the moment just as the girls were doing—it would have been sharing the whole thing with my dear Miss Maberly, whom I am to be allowed to call

"Lina" directly schoolroom days are over.

Lina and I are going to be friends then. She is only a very little older than my sisters, and ever so much prettier, though they won't allow it. If she were better dressed—but she can't help that; she hasn't got the money to dress well. And she has to live by herself in a great big governess house she calls a "Home," where I sometimes go to tea, and don't very much like it.

It feels odd somehow; and, what is more, Lina doesn't look any more in her place there than I do. She makes the best of it, and says the "Home" is quite run after, and that she is very fortunate to have got into it; but I don't know. Of course the great thing is her being near us, and I never was more glad of this than when Dick Davenant—that's his name, and I think it a beautiful one—asked where she lived? For, of course, if we had had to send miles and miles—well, we hadn't, and I knew what I felt: that the stars in their courses were fighting for us.

"Now, write, quick," said he.

"Write? Won't a message do?" cried I. I often send William round with messages, and Miss Maberly is quite used to them.

Dick, however, decided on a note as more satisfactory, and as he dictated, it was done in a minute.

"You see we shall have to be quite certain she can go, as if she can't, I must see about someone else," said he; "and there is no time to lose. What have you said?"

And though I read it out, he looked over my shoulder to make doubly sure it was plain.

"My cousin wishes to take me to the pantomime to-night, but mother would not let me go without a chaperon, so he hopes you will be disengaged" (I had demurred to this, but he insisted on it), "and will accompany us. If

so, we will call for you in an hour's time. We are to dine at the 'Dieudonné' first."

You may be sure I screamed when Dick added the last clause. To dine out as well! And I had never dined anywhere in my life—at any public place, I mean—and, of course, had always flouted them, just because I longed so dreadfully to see what they were like.

"It should have been the 'Carlton,' but that we might chance to have the next table to Aunt Cecilia," said Dick, laughing; "and that would hardly do, Jenny. Best to be on the safe side."

That was while we were waiting for William to bring back Miss Maberly's answer. There was time enough while he was absent for all sorts of terrible doubts and suppositions to assail us; and I am sure Dick felt as bad as I did, for he kept walking up and down, and fingering the ornaments on the mantelpiece, and looking at his watch—while my mind ran on my new frock, and the fan I had been given to match it; and oh, how I did gloat over the recollection that a pair of long white gloves had been bought for my parties only the day before, in case they should be forgotten, as had happened once before, when no one was thinking of me and my affairs.

"Remember, Jenny, that I am coming here first for you, and that we shall go round for Miss Maberly afterwards."

Dick was saying this for the third time, I believe, when William opened the door, and handed in a little three-cornered note. We both darted forward, and I thought Dick would actually have seized it, though it was directed to me, but he stopped and laughed, and his face—yes it *did* get red, and he bit his lip, too, because it wasn't quite good manners, you know.

It was only that he was excited on my behalf; and that was so nice of

him that I'm sure he might have torn Lina's note limb from limb for aught I cared; and when I shouted "Yes; she's coming," and danced round the table, waving it in my hand, he looked at me with his whole face one smile.

He spoke very quietly, however.

"She's coming, is she? That's all right. It will save a lot of bother; for Sophia might not have been at home, or have had other engagements——"

"And, besides, it is ever so much nicer to have Miss Maberly," I burst in, and then was ashamed of myself, for Sophia is Dick's married sister, and he is rather fond of her. He did not seem angry, though. He only said cheerfully:

"I have no doubt it is; she will enjoy herself, whereas Sophia would only have gone for our sakes."

As he spoke he picked up Lina's note, which had dropped on the table, and looked it over, twisting his moustache thoughtfully.

I began to wish he would go, for there was now only three-quarters of an hour to dress in, and that is not at all too long for a pantomime, and a dinner at the "Dieudonné"; but for nearly a minute he seemed to have forgotten where he was or what he was doing.

Then suddenly he woke up with a start, and in his hurry to be off slipped the note into his waistcoat-pocket. I thought it might vex him to be caught a second time doing something that wasn't quite polite, so I said nothing, and ran upstairs as fast as ever Addy and Hilda had done.

What a dressing that was! Jane seemed to enter into the spirit of it; she was going out herself, by the way, and the recollection that I could not even call her in to amuse me had added its sting to my desolate prospect an hour before—so that we had the gayest time.

When I was ready, she undertook to

watch for Dick's cab, and let me know the instant it was at the door.

Meantime I cowered in the school-room. What if the girls should take it into their heads to peep in and see what I was about? They might. I put out the light and hid behind the door. There was a faint glow from the dying fire, but they would never suppose me content with that; so, though shaking and shivering, I felt tolerably safe. The worst fear was lest our cab and their carriage should arrive simultaneously—and everyone knows how often such a *contretemps* does occur. It was not that I felt exactly guilty—my mother would have let me go anywhere with Miss Maberly and Dick,—but there would be talk and fuss, and somehow I knew instinctively that Dick would have disliked it, apart from his having shirked Aunt Cecilia's party for my sake.

All went well, however. Addy and Hilda were so late, in spite of the longer time they had had, that they rushed through the hall, and were off almost before I could draw a breath, and not half a minute too soon either.

I had barely emerged from the school-room when Jane's smiling face met me.

"Mr. Davenant is there, miss."

"I'll run round before you, Jenny, and bring her out," said he. "Would you just stop at the pillar-box and post these?" And he handed me some letters.

When I got to the "Home," he was inside; but the door stood open, and in a few minutes they came out, and he ceremoniously bowed Lina in beside me. It did not strike me till afterwards that I ought to have introduced them; and as no one seemed to expect it, we just talked away—at least, Dick and I did—and the drive to the "Dieudonné" was over almost too soon.

It was not till we were in the great blazing place, and seated at our table, which was in a nice corner from which

we could see all round (and they gave me the best place, facing everybody) that I noticed anything peculiar about Lina. She was dressed in her one best frock; black, with a pink rose in her bosom; and looked very nice, though not smart like Addy and Hilda; but there was certainly something about her, and yet I can't explain what. She was so terribly nervous, for one thing. When I spoke to her—I seemed to be the only talker of the party—she could hardly answer me; she sat with her eyes down, and the color went and came in her cheeks every minute. And how her hands trembled! She could not keep them always in her lap, because though she ate next to nothing, she had to pretend. Dick would have her drink some champagne, too—though I could see she only did it at last to stop more being said. Through it all she looked so pretty—prettier than I had ever seen her; and once or twice—well, I may as well confess it now—I caught a long, furtive gaze fixed upon her from under my cousin's eyelids that startled me.

Not that I should have minded my dear, sweet Lina being admired by Dick, or anyone—for indeed I was proud of her looks, and knew that they never made her vain or silly; but what I felt was a sudden suspicion—it was more, it grew and grew every minute into the strongest conviction—that *Mr. Richard Davenant was not seeing Miss Caroline Maberly for the first time.*

"No, thank you, Dick."

No, I could not have eaten another ice to save my life. I was thrilled with the wildest surmises; my eyes were starting out of my head. *What was it?* What was this mystery? This secret understanding, or misunderstanding, between these two people, who seemed to shrink from each other—at least, Lina shrank and "flushed and paled" as the books say—while even Dick seemed half afraid of what he was

doing, and had the most curious face on whenever he addressed her?

Never, no, never had I seen him look like that before. He could be merry and friendly with me, and pleasant and polite to the girls, but he wasn't the least little bit afraid of any one of us; and he could treat Aunt Cecilia quite coolly, particularly when she bothered him with her "Projects." So that I could not help noticing it as a new thing, the timid, deprecating air with which our all-important cousin offered my poor little governess attentions that were quite ordinary and unavoidable. Oh, there *was* something, there *must* be something going on which I could not understand.

Lina tried to be natural and governessy once. It was when the band played a piece she had lately taught me. I was not listening; how could I listen, thinking as hard as I was doing?—so that when she said, "You hear, Jenny, how much better that sounds played a little slower? You remember, dear, I always told you it should not be hurried?" I said, "Oh, yes," without having the least idea what "That" or "It" was.

"Jenny is more taken up with the company than the music," said Dick.

Company? It was his and Lina's company I was "taken up" with, and for a minute I felt quite angry. He thought me a mere child!

By that time he had ceased to address Lina, or to attempt to soften her displeasure, if it were displeasure that kept her grave and silent. He even stopped talking to me; and I was glad when he suddenly started up, exclaiming:

"Now then, Jenny, we are not going to sit here all night, are we? We are forgetting the pantomime altogether, and that was what we came for, wasn't it?"

It was, but he did not speak as if he meant it; and he kept looking and

looking at Lina, and when she dropped her handkerchief darted for it, and I am sure, yes, I am sure he—but never mind, I saw what I saw.

We were late for *The White Cat*, of course; but it didn't really matter, because a pantomime does go on for ever, and never seems to have a beginning or an end. So directly we were all seated comfortably in our box, we seemed to know at once what it was about; and at first I thought Dick and Lina were really interested, and even wondered if I could have been mistaken about them, and made a little fool of myself, as the girls sometimes say I do when I try to find out about their affairs.

Lina fixed her eyes on the performers; and Dick, who sat between us, turned his shoulder on me and leaned his elbow on the cushion, so that if we had not been right opposite the stage, his head would have been in my way. However, I told him I could see beautifully; and so I could—and we all sat quite still for a long, long time.

How long it was I don't know, I had forgotten all about everything but the queer old Fairy Asbestos and the splendid Prince Peerless and his brothers; I was living in their world, and none other was real or even remembered at the moment, when all at once I had the most awful shock. Oh, I can feel it now.

They had drawn back into the shadow of the box, those two. It was almost dark there; indeed, it was pretty dark everywhere, or else I surely should have noticed they had moved before, and I suppose they must have been talking some time, for this, in Dick's deep, rather gruff voice, distinctly fell upon my ear:

"You might have trusted me; but since it is all right now, I won't reproach you, Lina."

Fairy Asbestos might have been Jack-the-Giant-Killer, or anyone else in

creation, for aught I knew at that appalling moment. I can't think of it now without shivers.

But what I did was to sit as still as a mouse; for though I was afraid afterwards that I ought not to have gone on listening, it really was not my fault that I did. I simply was glued to the spot, as you are in a dream, when you want to get away from the bull and can't.

That was how I heard Dick go on:

"Of course, it was not 'by pure accident'! I traced you step by step; but knew that if I scared my little bird, she would be off again before I could catch her; so I was worrying out a plan, when this cropped up in the very nick of time. 'Poor and dependent'? My wife will be neither 'Poor' nor 'Dependent'—and from the first day I saw you, dearest, I made up my mind to win you for my wife, if I could. Oh, I am to 'Take care,' am I?" (Evidently Lina had hushed him up.) "She won't hear. She's quite absorbed—"

"I'm not," said I, suddenly wheeling round—and there they sat, hand in hand!

Perhaps I ought not to have done it, but I got frightened; it seemed so mean to have him thinking me "Absorbed" when my ears were on the stretch, and my blood was dancing in my veins—and Dick, instead of being angry, burst out laughing.

"Why, Jenny, you've played Fairy Godmother to us!" cried he, and laughed and laughed again. And then he looked boldly into Lina's face—he was bold enough for anything now—and still kept her hand, though I saw her trying to draw it away. "Jenny," he said, "there was once a very silly little princess who took it into her very silly little head that a prince who loved her was a despicable, unworthy fellow—"

"Oh, no; not *that*," broke in Lina.

There were tears on her cheeks, but anyone could see what kind of tears they were, and that she was simply radiant with happiness.

"They didn't understand each other, anyway," continued Dick, shaking her hand softly up and down; "and she thought to hide from him; but he only laughed to himself, and vowed he would search the wide world over but he would find her—and he did—at the corner house, Jenny."

"And you thought I saw nothing!" said I, scornfully.

Longman's Magazine.

But I forgave him and went back to my place; and I tell you truly, for the next two hours I never once looked round, though all the fairies and magicians in the world couldn't keep me from thinking and wondering to myself: "When I am grown up, and have a lover, will he sit with me at the back of a box at the pantomime, and will there be a little girl in front keeping watch over us, who is almost as happy as we are, *but never once looks round?*"

L. B. Walford.

CATHEDRALS OLD AND NEW.

It is somewhat remarkable that, with the enormous increase in the population of modern England as compared with the England of the Middle Ages, there has been no corresponding increase in the number of cathedrals. The men who in the middle of the thirteenth century sent the glorious spire of Salisbury soaring into the heavens were the last of the medieval cathedral builders, and it seemed as if their art perished with them. When St. Paul's was built, four hundred years later, entirely different artistic ideals and an entirely different method of building prevailed in the land. A certain amount of cathedral building, mostly of slight importance, went on during the nineteenth century in Scotland, Ireland, and the colonies, but Truro Cathedral, which has only lately been completed, is the first example of a newly founded cathedral being built in England since the Reformation (St. Paul's of course was a rebuilding), and Liverpool Cathedral, the building of which is just beginning, will be the second. One or two cathedrals have also been built by the Roman Catholic Church, but only the latest of these,

that at Westminster, is of any real importance in an architectural sense.

It is not surprising, then, that the building of a cathedral, being so rare an event in our times, should arouse the interest of a larger section of the public than usually concerns itself with architectural matters. It is true that the building of a cathedral is no longer regarded, as it was in the age of faith, as an event of supreme interest and importance in a city's history; it is the affair of the Church, not as formerly of the whole population. Yet the citizen of the twentieth century is not wholly indifferent to the character of the great monumental buildings which adorn his city. Certainly the Liverpool citizen is not indifferent; he is justly proud of his public buildings, and the long and sometimes acrimonious discussions that have arisen respecting the site of the new cathedral and the style of architecture to be chosen are clear testimony to a wide-spread interest in the project.

Apart from local and personal considerations, with which we are not concerned, the project suggests an enquiry of very broad and general inter-

est. Must we admit that our forefathers in the Dark Ages, as we foolishly call them, reached a standard of skill in building to which we cannot now hope to attain, or may we reasonably hope that the new Liverpool Cathedral will rival the glories of Canterbury and Lincoln? It would no doubt be unduly pessimistic to deny the possibility of supremely beautiful buildings being erected in our own time, but it is certain that the beauty they possess will be different in kind from that which captivates us in the old Gothic buildings. Between any cathedral of the Middle Ages and any cathedral of the present or a future day there must be vital and fundamental differences.

We may say that Truro is a Gothic cathedral after the exact model of the ancient builders, and that Liverpool also will be a Gothic cathedral, though with a more modern note. But Gothic is a matter of spirit and essence, as well as of outward form. Pointed arches and flying buttresses and crocketed pinnacles do not alone make a Gothic building. These things we may have any day, but they are but the dry bones of Gothic; its living spirit fled long ago from our English life, and is not to be recovered.

It is impossible in a brief article like this to expound the true nature of Gothic architecture. It is the less necessary as this has been done once for all in Ruskin's *Stones of Venice*. The reader who turns to the chapter in that book on the nature of Gothic will find the whole subject comprehensively treated with as near an approach to finality of expression as human speech may hope to achieve. And it is not unlikely that, after reading that chapter, the reader will reach a conclusion which Ruskin himself was unwilling to admit, namely, that modern Gothic at its best cannot be anything but a quasi-Gothic,—a lifeless,

unemotional, imitative thing, as compared with the warm and living Gothic which arose, grew to perfection, and died under conditions of life so widely removed from our own.

It is, perhaps, a commonplace to say that a great building reflects the characteristics of the age in which it was erected. But while this is almost universally true in some degree, it is more true of some nations and some epochs than of others. In English medieval architecture, for instance, the national life found singularly vivid expression. The buildings which have come down to us from the Middle Ages are an open book,—mutilated indeed by iconoclasts, and with many a fair page defaced by those who vainly thought to restore its ancient beauty—in which we may read of the faiths and fears, the joys and sorrows and humors of our ancestors.

The characteristics of medieval England which found expression in building, especially in ecclesiastical building, were chiefly these: the life of the time was religious, and it was æsthetic. If any prefer the term *superstitious* to *religious*, the argument is in no way affected. The land was united in its adherence at least to the outward forms of religion, and all social and industrial life was permeated with religious feeling. There was but one Church and one creed, and the methods of expressing religious devotion which the Church sanctioned were universally recognized and widely adopted. Among these church building took a leading place.

To clergy and laity alike the building of a cathedral or abbey, and to a scarcely less degree of a small parish church, was no mere side issue in their lives, but a supreme religious duty, and in times of peace the leading event in a locality. The religious sentiment of the whole countryside would of course be strongly felt by the workmen

actually engaged on the building, and could not fail to affect their work.

In the elder days of Art

Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the gods see everywhere.

Solomon's temple itself was not regarded with greater veneration or more intense solicitude by pious Israelites than were some of our English cathedrals and abbeys by the generations which saw them rising. There is a curious illustration of this in the picture given by a contemporary chronicler of the frenzied emotion aroused at Canterbury by the burning of the choir of the cathedral in 1174.

The people were astonished [says the writer] that the Almighty should suffer such things, and maddened with excess of grief and perplexity, they tore their hair and beat the walls and pavement of the church with their heads and hands, blaspheming the Lord and His Saints, the patrons of the church. And many, both of the city and the monks, would rather have laid down their lives than that the church should have so miserably perished . . . Bethink thee, now, what mighty grief oppressed the hearts of the sons of the church in this great tribulation. I verily believe the afflictions of Canterbury were no less than those of Jerusalem of old, and their wailings were as the lamentations of Jeremiah; neither can mind conceive, or words express, or writing teach their grief and anguish.

Again, it was an æsthetic as well as a religious life which found expression in the church building of the Middle Ages. They were leisured and imaginative times, with much in them that was gross and brutal, but free, at any rate, from the twin foes of æstheticism in modern England,—commercialism and the scientific spirit. How wonderfully developed and pervasive was the artistic sense of the

people is abundantly shown by the buildings that have come down to us, among which are some that rank with the noblest architecture in the world.

When we remember the successive storms that have swept over these mediæval churches,—the Dissolution of the Monasteries, the iconoclastic activities of the Puritans, and the more friendly, though scarcely less destructive, activities of the restorers of the nineteenth century, till what we see to-day is but a fraction of what the builders of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries left us; when we reflect further, that at no time during this golden age of Gothic art was the population of England equal to that of modern London, it is difficult to resist the conclusion that England was at that time a nation of artists, whose artistry was none the less real because it was unconscious.

There was also another factor making strongly for good workmanship in the lives of the mediæval workmen. They were all organized in trade guilds, which concerned themselves very actively with the maintenance of a high standard of workmanship. To the workman of the Middle Ages good work was a duty he owed to his craft, and excellence as a craftsman was the road to honor among his fellows as well as to improved position and higher pay.

The modern architect can rely neither upon a constraining sense of religion in his workmen, nor upon their artistic sensibility, nor yet on a tradition and trade sentiment favorable to good craftsmanship. The degeneracy of the British workman as a workman can hardly be denied. But before we lay upon his shoulders the blame for that degeneracy we must consider how it has come about, and probably a just judgment will say that the workman has been the victim of circumstances he could not control. Let us consider

how a medieval cathedral was built, and how great a contrast is presented by the modern system of architectural competitions, tenders, contracts, and Trade Union labor.

What of the medieval architect? The question suggests one of the most vital of the differences between ancient and modern methods of cathedral building. Few people could tell off-hand who was the architect of Canterbury or Lincoln, Peterborough or York, and even after much searching in ancient records the personality of the architect might remain to a very great extent a mystery. The fact is, of course, that the days which saw the building of the great medieval cathedrals knew nothing of any such person as an architect in the modern sense. A search into the origin of any of the ancient cathedrals of England would probably show the name of an ecclesiastic,—a bishop or an abbot, associated with the work of building and the various stages of rebuilding through which it may have passed. What was the precise part he played in the work it is not always possible to determine. Sometimes, perhaps, he was responsible for the design, so far as there was a design, and personally superintended its execution by monks and lay workmen. More often, probably, he would determine the dimensions and disposition of the parts, and entrust the execution of the scheme to a skilful master-mason, with whom would be associated other master-craftsmen,—carpenters, glaziers, and plumbers.

The designing of buildings on paper is a comparatively modern art, and it is probable that when the old cathedrals were built, the design was to a great extent evolved under the workmen's hands. It must be remembered that at any given time in the Middle Ages there was but one way of building known. The architect had not to

sit down and consider in what style he should build his cathedral; for him there was but one style,—the national and traditional style which had been handed down from the last generation and was practised by all his neighbors. Modifications would be introduced to meet special needs, and each master-builder, each individual workman even, freely exercising his fancy and ingenuity, would add his quota to the common stock of constructional and decorative tradition, thus helping in the evolution of a new style.

The master-mason, by virtue of the paramount importance of his craft, would be *primus inter pares*; but the masters of other crafts would be his coadjutors rather than his subordinates. Thus the cathedral was the co-operative product of many master-craftsmen, indeed of the whole body of workmen, for there were no hands, as we call them, employed in rearing these mighty monuments; all brought their intelligence and conscience to the work, and found in it a common interest and a common delight. The master-mason was but a more skilful craftsman than the rest. All were artists, respecting themselves and each other; every man's individuality had full scope, and every man built, as it were, his life into the church.

Among the early Gothic builders there was little of that division of labor which is so characteristic of modern industry. The man who one day was digging a trench would later on be erecting a column, and when that was done his delight in the work would find free expression in the carving of the capital. The conditions under which the old craftsmen worked were the secret of the living interest their work still has, just as the absence of those conditions is responsible for the lifelessness of all modern Gothic. For generations we have treated our workmen as little better than machines, and

It is useless now to look for any great manifestation of human feeling in their work. The emotions of the old craftsmen, which they had the skill to express in enduring stone, awaken still an answering emotion as we look upon their handiwork. The lifeless, unemotional work of the modern carver, copying with mechanical accuracy the design set before him, leaves us cold and unmoved. Even so noble a design as that of Mr. G. Gilbert Scott for the Liverpool Cathedral must necessarily lack, when carried out, the element of life to which the old cathedrals owe so much of their charm. Ruskin long ago pointed out that the creations of architecture "depend for their dignity and pleasure-ability in the utmost degree upon the vivid expression of the intellectual life which has been concerned in their production." So far as the mass of the workmen are concerned we can hardly hope, under modern conditions, that their intellectual life will find much expression in any building upon which they may be employed. There are indeed some enthusiastic souls who look for the day when we shall eliminate the architect, or reduce him to the position of a clerk of works, and build again in the old co-operative way. But to the present writer it hardly seems that salvation is to be sought in that direction. We cannot set back the hands of the clock. We must accept such conditions as arise out of the very structure of modern society, and make the best of them. But it is still possible to obtain in our building a large measure of co-operation between workers in different spheres of art, and thus to gain considerable vividness and variety of intellectual expression.

There are already examples of modern buildings in which this ideal has been to a great extent carried out. The most notable example is the new building in Fenchurch Street for Lloyd's

Registry, which contains the sculptures of Mr. Frampton and the Brothers Pegram, the metal work of Mr. Lynn Jenkins, and the decorative paintings of Mr. Gerald Moira in perfect harmony with, and in subordination to the architecture of Mr. Colcutt. If we cannot have the old beautiful co-operation of all the workers in inventive work, we must make the most of such restricted co-operation as is possible. And if Mr. Scott has his way in regard to the embellishment of Liverpool Cathedral, there is no doubt that we shall see an effective co-operation of many distinguished artists, which cannot but produce the most notable results.

It is probable that, as the recognition grows of the impossibility of true Gothic ever again being seen in England, there will be less keenness to retain the Gothic forms. Already there is a great falling away from the strict tenets of the Gothic Revival. From Truro to Liverpool is a considerable step. Standing in Truro Cathedral one might fancy oneself, were it not for the newness of the place, in a building of the thirteenth century, so true is every detail to the precedent of a past age. Liverpool Cathedral, so far as one may judge from the drawings, will have a more individual and a more modern note; though Gothic in form, it cannot be referred for its inspiration to any particular period of Gothic architecture.

The gifted young architect who, at the very outset of his professional career, has had the remarkable good fortune to win the most important architectural competition of the new century, is by no means a rabid Goth. He has indeed confessed to dreams of a cathedral which should not be Gothic at all. He feels that there is much in medieval Gothic which is unsuitable for modern needs. The traditional church plan and the broken vistas are ill adapted for the general uses of a

modern cathedral, which differ so widely from those of the Middle Ages. But Mr. Scott has decided, no doubt wisely, to follow the beaten ways until he has had more experience and wider opportunities for study. Meanwhile to him, and to many other young architects, Mr. Bentley's remarkable work at Westminster,—the new Roman Catholic Cathedral—stands as a beacon light pointing to a new field of experiment and effort from which great things may be expected in the future.

And what, it may be asked, will the Liverpool Cathedral tell to future ages of the generation that saw its building? In its vast scale it will speak of the pride of a great commercial city influenced by its close touch with America, the land of colossal things. In its freedom from mere imitation and archaeological exactness it will speak of the breaking, or at least the straining, of the Gothic fetters,—of a transition, perhaps, between the veneration of ecclesiastical precedent and the untram-

Macmillan's Magazine.

melled adaptation of architecture to the needs of a new time. Some indications we may hope it will afford of the standard of artistic attainment reached by the sculptors and the window-painters of the early years of the twentieth century. But of the great multitude of the workmen who will labor day after day and year after year in rearing its mighty bulk it will perforce be silent. Of such interest as any modern building can have Liverpool Cathedral will have an abundant measure. But men will look at it in vain, as they would at any building erected under modern conditions, for the element of deep human interest which makes the stones of the old cathedrals and abbeys eloquent with memories of the past, for the touch of Nature which obliterates the distinctions of time and condition, and makes the observer of the later day feel himself akin to the man who wielded hammer and chisel five or six centuries ago.

Hugh B. Philpott.

A JAPANESE OFFICER AT MUKDEN.

SACRAMENTUM SUPREMUM.

Mukden, March 6, 1905.

(Dedicated to the author of the following narrative.)

Ye that with me have fought and
failed and fought
To the last desperate trench of bat-
tle's crest,
Not yet to sleep, not yet; our work is
nought;
On that last trench the fate of all
may rest,
Draw near, my friends; and let your
thoughts be high:
Great hearts are glad when it is time
to give:
Life is no life to him that dares not
die,
And death no death to him that dares
to live.

Draw near together; none be last or
first;

We are no longer names, but one de-
sire;

With the same burning of the soul we
thirst,

And the same wine to-night shall
quench our fire.

Drink! to our fathers who begot us
men,

To the dead voices that are never
dumb,

Then to the land of all our loves, and
then

To the long parting, and the age to
come.

Henry Newbolt.

The following is the translation of a
private letter addressed to his brother,
now in England, by a Japanese officer,

Lieut. Tokutaro Oshio, who was at the battle of Mukden, and has received two "kanjos" for his gallantry. A few words in brackets have been added in one or two places to elucidate the meaning:

The battle of Mukden really began at Haikotal. Ever since that affair, without rest or respite, we dogged the steps of the retreating Russians, now on this and now on that side of Konga River. Wearied by our unceasing pursuit, the enemy turns sharply round with a growl now and again, but the nimble mounted infantry and the dragoons sheer off to the right, or left of him—to pounce upon him again as he moves out of his positions. Ever since January 25 the firing line has been our bed-chamber and the clothes we stand in our bed and bedding.

From February 24 to 28 we were at Fanlatoza, and on March 1 were placed under the orders of Gen. Tachimi, and then marched to Dodaishi; thence to Zennengyoho. Here, as usual, the Russians held a position of great natural strength, supplemented with every device known to the modern military engineer, and the Russian engineers are splendid. Barbed wire entanglement, abatis, pits, all complete, and all that could be seen were the muzzles of rifles out of the solid masonry of the walls. We advanced very slowly, step by step, through the shower of bullets, rifles and Maxims making a continuous sing-song like the singing of a thousand thrushes. Now a man on my right goes down, now one on my left, then a fellow is blown to pieces before one's eyes, his flesh is scattered, and some of it comes upon one's face. Voice of an officer encouraging some wounded men, or orders given in a hoarse undertone, or a Banzai for our Emperor—the last breath of a dying man—all these blended together in the din of battle rush through one's ears until one might think it all a night-

mare, but for the evidence of one's eyes.

After the day's exertion the place remained in the enemy's hands. We had our colonel wounded, and many others placed hors de combat; then, when these things were known to the men, their determination and fierce indignation reached the highest pitch. They said that they would not leave the field of battle dead or alive or go into hospital until the colors of the regiment floated above the Russian works. In the night the colonel called together the officers and said we must take the position at all costs, or we fail in our duty to the comrades of other sections. If unsuccessful, there is only one thing for us to do—die. "Gentlemen, we will attack the enemy now, and I ask you to leave your bones on this field of battle with me." We in one breath called out "Banzai! let us do or die." Orders were given out at once: "Any one firing without orders shall be court-martialled," "Use your bayonet," "Officers will look for the enemy's leaders," "Do not expect to return alive," and so on, and so on.

At 2 A.M. the attack began. At 300 metres we stopped and made the final dispositions, then approached within 100 metres of the Russian lines. The enemy poured shot and shell from every available rifle and Maxim and light field gun. Though the distance was short, and the night was dark, at this point the enemy's fire began to tell terribly. A man turned over, letting go one hand from his rifle, so I kicked him gently on the shoulder to see if he had fallen asleep—he was dead. I heard a gnashing of teeth behind me—a poor fellow was discharging blood from his mouth. Yet not a sound, not a cry of pain, not even a muttered moan. They remembered their orders. Reaching a point where we were just able to see the abatis,

we charged with an earth-quaking hurrah, and we rushed it. We—some few dozen of us—entered the defence from the enemy's right flank. Here there were no entanglements or abatis. I jumped over the trench and over the breastwork into the interior. A few of the enemy's lookout men were there, but I threw them down into a ditch with my hands. I had not had my sword drawn yet. It was like the affair at Haikotal, when our Major Machino was killed. The enemy, like us, then concentrated all his available force upon the defence of the front. The only difference lay in that we 230 were forced to engage Mishchenko's full cavalry brigade, but here the Russians were outflanked, by a force considerably inferior to their own. I was just turning round a corner of a heap of kao-liang stalks, shouting, "Come on, fellows, come on," when some one ran straight into me, almost throwing me into the stack. He is a six-footer, so he is no Japanese. I give him a straight cut with the flat of my sword, and call upon him to disarm; then tell him to hide himself till the fight is over and then come out and surrender. Well, he did it. Already I could make out such Japanese words from the direction of the front as "Banzai, banzai! You, Russki, surrender, surrender, or you look out." As the overwhelming number of frightened Russians began to stream towards the spot where we few were lying in wait, we had no choice but to wield our cold steel as best we could. After this, it was all single combats, a savage warfare. You crouch on the ground, and as a Russian approaches you swiftly dispatch him, and throwing yourself down upon the ground again, wait for another to come on. "Yamada, Yamada, Oka, Oka, now be careful." "Don't confound friend with foe!" "There they come, there they come. Steady, steady. Banzai, banzai!" In half an hour it

was all over, though it appeared half a life-time.

The 6th, the hottest and worst, bloodiest and most savage of the whole series of the Mukden battles. The Russians held a line from Sansenho to Nengyoho, while we ranged ourselves in and about Gyorimbo, which is about four miles west of Mukden station. The doggedness of that Russian defence! Heavy guns and light guns, handy mountain guns, and little dynamite guns, all joined in the bombardment of their positions, while the heroic Russian gunners replied shot for shot, and shell for shell. Attacks and counter-attacks succeeded each other like the figures on a fairy lantern. We fought with rifles, we fought with bayonets, then with grenades, and with shovels and picks and even with fists. Why, it's no more nor less than a gigantic street brawl. One of the battalion commanders was killed and the colonel wounded severely, and one after another the company officers went down. Once when I whistled to the buglers and the charge was sounded, just barely forty out of a battalion of skirmishers leaped to their feet, and the rest remained still—no cowards, but dead men—dead at their posts. Those who responded to the call had no right to do so; they ought to have been in the ambulances. That day's doings could never be told vividly enough with my pen, and, perhaps, no words could ever do justice to the bravery of the men, Russian and Japanese, and the hardships they endured. The Russians, five or six times our number, charged time after time so resolutely, up to our positions that some of them actually passed through the first line—but they never returned. These are the fresh troops from the reserves—determined, because of the knowledge that on their action hangs the fate of Kuropatkin and his army. So that day suc-

cess remained with the Russians, in spite of all our efforts. Well, they deserved it. At the suggestion of an officer of the staff corps, we volunteered to rush the works the same night. Men came to their officers and begged to let them go, and fill up the trenches with their corpses, so that others following them might walk over their bodies into the defences.

At the men's earnest request a deputation of officers and men was sent to the divisional commander, who gave them the requested permission, not without some hesitation. All the unwounded of our company offered themselves to a man, and formed up—in fact, they all offered themselves; but we were compelled to take only the unwounded. The men of the Kessitai formed up in a square, each man with a tumbler full of water, to drink to the long parting—a parting after which they might never meet again. Gen. Tachimi uncorked some wine, and himself poured just a drop into each man's glass, shaking hands with each. Holding his glass aloft, he said: "Gentlemen, I have not much to say to you to-night. You know well the desperate nature of your undertaking, in which success is not certain. You know also the chances against your returning alive to tell the tale. I can only wish you, gentlemen, godspeed. Go, gentlemen; do your best. I do not command it of you, comrades, but only cherish the hope that your resolution and your determination may bear the fruit of success. Farewell, farewell. Long live the Emperor! Long live the Emperor! Long live the Emperor!"

Men were to leave behind came and pitifully implored me to take them, but, on my refusal, begged me to do their share of the work. Oh! our glorious army of citizen soldiers, men pursuing some peaceful avocation in some obscure corner of Japan, living and dying unknown, never doing harm

to a living creature, contented and happy to be a simple peasant or an artisan in the piping times of peace, and yet they are heroes all, every one of them! It is an overwhelming honor, and a responsibility almost too great, to lead men such as these to dangers and destruction, men to whom in age I am but a younger brother, and in point of experience a mere child. "I have got seven yen in my bag, Honda, take it out when I am gone, and send it up to the war fund office, will you?" "Now, these are my last verses; keep them for my sake, Oka!" "Good-by, Tori; meet you at Shokonsha" (the shrine of those fallen for the nation and country).

At midnight men threw off the great winter coats, and white distinguishing bands were put on the left sleeves in readiness to move. With drawn swords the officers lead, with fixed bayonets the men follow, in our usual formation. First grenade men in a line at certain intervals, then the main body in column of sixes with a grenade man at every few paces in the ranks. And with a tremendous yell we stormed into the earthwork. What followed I cannot bear to recite. How many of us returned? A few, a very few. And the works? Intact still. As we receded came the enemy's counter-attack—the officer in command of this section knows his business well. But there is nothing so ridiculously easy as to repel a Russian counter-attack.

The next day, the 7th, went on much the same, but with a slight indication of wavering in the Russian ranks. On the 8th they commenced their favorite move, "a pre-arranged advance to the north," so taking the opportunity we rushed, capturing the position with much slaughter and a large number of prisoners. This was the final signal for the rout of Kuropatkin's Mukden army. That night we slept as best we could and where we stood. On the

9th we cleared the enemy out of Taiseikio (three miles northwest of Mukden), thence advanced to Telsankashi, and there we bivouacked in battle formation.

What an ugly goddess is the goddess of war! Among the wounded Russians upon the field was a boy of barely sixteen or seventeen, a drummer boy, shot through both legs. He held a rosary in his hand, praying. Poor mite, the pity of it! Pointing to the red cross upon the arm of a bearer I called out in Chinese, "Surgeon, my brave little fellow." No answer. Then, in Russian, "Doctor." And told him he was safe. This, in German—that was about my stock of languages. He was a Pole, I believe, as he spoke German. He was so thirsty that my bottle was not enough for him, so another half of the bearer's bottle was given to him, too, and he had some biscuits. I had a strong yearning to ask him about his home, but no, he is weak, and his

London Times.

spirit must be kept up. "Your wound is nothing; the Japanese hospital attendants will be here soon and take you away. And soon you will be able to go home to your parents." Covering him up with blankets and coats taken from the Russian dead, I was just walking away when he cried out after me: "A moment, officer, a moment. Kind officer, I have something to give you—this book. It was given to me by my father when I was leaving home for the front. I have nothing more valuable to offer you, sir. It is the most precious thing I possess." And he kissed my hand repeatedly, crying bitterly.

I accepted the book, and without a word turned away to find another sufferer. I would not have broken down for a colonelcy before those bearers and my own men.

The book was entitled "Himmelsbrod" or "Ein Gebetbuch für Jugend."

AMERICA AS A WORLD-POWER.

It is, of course, on America that the death of Mr. John Hay falls hardest. She has lost in him a great statesman. But the world has also lost a great citizen, and humanity a laborious servant. Mr. Hay was not merely the very type of the kindly, accomplished, high-minded gentleman in all the private relations of life, but he carried the qualities of the type into the business of international diplomacy. To do that as Mr. Hay did it is, we maintain, to render no small service to civilization itself. It is to enthroned public honor and private honor, public justice and private justice, on equal pedestals; it is to establish diplomacy on the basis of the Golden Rule; and it is to show that, so established, diplomacy is not less

but more successful. American diplomacy, it is true, from Franklin's day to our own has always been singularly successful. But it cannot, until the advent of John Hay, be said to have won the admiration of the world—admiration, we mean, of the kind that transcends the tribute paid to the merely clever manipulation of forces and opportunities. There was about it too much of the exclusively huckstering spirit; it lacked elevation, fineness, the inspiration of high sentiment. It also and conspicuously lacked finish. The "shirt-sleeve" manners of American diplomacy, even as late as 1897, were the amazement and amusement of Europe; and the despatches of such Secretaries of State as Mr. Olney and Mr. Sherman read like the composi-

tions of a hectoring solicitor. It was the first and not the least of Mr. Hay's services to his country that American diplomacy under his guidance recovered or became imbued with an almost European sense of the proprieties.

He gave it a new tone; he also gave it a new character. Edmond About defined diplomacy as the art of cravat-tying. Mr. Hay never so egregiously mistook or underrated its functions, but the stiffest stickler for etiquette could not complain that the American Secretary of State was wanting in any of the formule of politeness and consideration. A grave courtesy was instinctive in him, and it probably never occurred to him that its suspension would add to the national dignity or effectiveness. Naturally a truth-loving and straightforward man in private, he saw no reason why he should be anything else in public. He would have repudiated with vehement scorn the notion that dissimulation and deceit are a necessary part of the conduct of diplomacy. His whole nature drove him to play the game with his cards on the table, and his keen and comprehensive intelligence penetrated at once the tricks and evasions and futile subtleties of his antagonists. No American since Franklin had a surer grasp of a situation than Mr. Hay; none could disinter its essentials more readily; none could meet them with greater flexibility and resource or with a happier union of practicality and imagination; while in the influence that character alone can give he probably transcended all the diplomats of American history. In him the passion for international justice and fair-dealing was incarnate; his failures, few and insignificant in any case when compared with his long list of memorable successes, were due to the inability of some of his countrymen to rise to his own height of statesmanship.

But Mr. Hay imparted to American diplomacy not merely a new tone and character but a new range and spaciousness. Eight years ago the United States was the most contained and in some ways the most provincial of the Great Powers, still exclusively interested in American questions, still repeating Washington's warning against "entangling alliances," still regarding any participation in world-politics with curious and unconquerable timidity. The Spanish war produced an undoubted upheaval, but the nature of that upheaval was long, and perhaps is still, an open question. Nations are sometimes slow to accept the conclusions of their own acts, and it is not yet by any means sure that Americans realize how far the inexorable stream of events must carry them. They overthrew Spanish power in Cuba and the Philippines, but the far harder task of overthrowing the mental habits and the received traditions and instincts of a hundred years' growth they have not yet accomplished. They have an empire, but they have not yet become imperial. They have expanded physically, but they have still to expand mentally. They delight to call themselves a world-power, and in hard fact they are a world-power, but it is doubtful whether they are also one in consciousness, in breadth of vision, in a resolute acceptance of new conditions, in a not less resolute emancipation from the precepts of an outworn past. Mr. Hay, however, realized from the first the consequences that must flow from the American occupation of the Philippines and the finality with which it committed the United States to the assumption of a leading rôle in the Far Eastern drama. He, for one, in no way shrank from the consequences, and it was the consistent object of his diplomatic activities to induce his countrymen to accept them too; to educate them, in other

words, in the realities of their new international position. He succeeded at the very least in rousing their interest; his pertinent and resourceful diplomacy claimed and received the applause of a tickled national pride; and it altogether gratified Americans that their Secretary of State should be distinguishing himself on such a stage and before such an audience.

Yet we question whether the masses of his countrymen felt more than a spectacular and external interest in Mr. Hay's efforts. To most Americans we imagine they represented a highly finished feat of diplomatic dexterity rather than successive steps in the development of a national policy. Had those efforts failed it is probable that very few Americans would have thought it a matter of much importance. We suspect, in short, that though keenly alive to the importance of their trade, both present and prospective, in the Far East, Americans have not yet reached the point of regarding it as an issue on which they would feel justified in going to war. It is doubtful, indeed, whether war in defence of the integrity of China or of American treaty rights has yet presented itself as a serious possibility to the ordinary man. Americans, in other

The Outlook.

words, have not yet admitted that in international politics the palm is rarely obtainable without the dust. They do not realize that diplomacy to be successful in the long run can only rest on the implication of force, and that even a Bismarck needs a Moltke in the background. Mr. Hay did much, and did it brilliantly, to accustom his countrymen to the idea that the Far East was already a concern of theirs, and so long as he was able to safeguard their rights by diplomatic agreements and assurances they cheered him on. Had he, however, suddenly failed, had Russia, for instance, met one of Mr. Hay's demands with a refusal, it is doubtful whether public opinion would have supported him. After all, the Americans have only had some six or seven years' experience of the larger Imperialism. Their facility is great, but still greater is their conservatism. They have ceased to hold aloof from international politics; they are in a tentative way themselves engaging in them, but it is rather as a parergon and interesting diversion than in pursuance of a policy on the success of which they are prepared to hazard all. The questions that really rouse them are still American questions.

THE ANTISEPTICS OF CONDUCT.

There are three qualities not, properly speaking, virtues which yet tend to keep the social waters wholesome. They are small qualities which do instead of great ones, and might perhaps be called substitutory virtues. If they do not inevitably improve character, they at least arrest its deterioration, and effectually prevent the baleful influence of certain faults upon the environment of those afflicted by them. These three are the love of approba-

tion, the sense of personal dignity, and the sense of humor. The first of them could not exist in a perfect character; the second and third, though often to be observed in the best and ablest of men, yet where the greater virtues flourish lose their moral properties and rank merely as embellishments. In fact, they cease to be antiseptics, and become attractions. To take the second one first; for it is, so to speak, the most powerful disinfectant of the three,

There are some very disagreeable faults that militate strongly against the happiness of the community which are completely neutralized by the instinct of personal dignity. For instance, money meanness in small matters, which does so much to rust the wheels of life, is rendered almost innocuous, and becomes at worst but an over-strict economy. It is hardly possible without loss of dignity for a man to insist upon the last farthing which may be his legal due, to embroil himself in a constant succession of petty disputes by reason of his exactions, or to look too minutely into this, that, or the other small expenditure. The restless curiosity with regard to other people's affairs, which, if it is unchecked, becomes individual tyranny in the strong and able, or strengthens the corporate tyranny of the foolish and weak, is powerless to do harm if the curious person had rather lose the paltry results of his prying than the solid asset, the lasting satisfaction of his dignity. Again, a sense of personal dignity, while it will not cure a bad temper, will regulate a hot one as nothing else can. It is true that a man may lose his temper continually, and preserve his dignity; but there are circumstances in which he must keep it, or inflict upon himself a wound so painful, so certain to remain unhealed in the mind, and finally to scar the memory, as to call out every reserve of self-control to avoid its recurrence. Almost all the social safeguards which come of good manners belong to personal dignity, to that tacit recollection of what the individual owes to himself or herself which obviates the inconveniences, uglinesses, and dangers which spring from that intrinsically good thing, a graded society. No man who has it can be a sycophant or an enjoyer of sycophancy, can accept a contemptuous condescension or take pleasure in self-interested flattery.

Honor, the polish without which all virtue is dull, is but the sense of personal dignity reduced to a science. By it savagery was converted into chivalry; and later on, when custom preserved the one, though civilization had killed the other, honor delivered from blood-guiltiness the men who sacrificed Christianity and common-sense that they might conform to the social standards of a conservative class.

There is something apparently priggish in an argument which declares the sense of humor to be morally useful; but priggish or no, the declaration is true. The word "humor" is, of course, very loosely used. Wit is frequently confused with humor; but wit is no antiseptic of conduct, but merely a brilliant gift without moral significance. Caprice is also confused with humor, and the two are not easy to disentangle, for the surprise which caprice creates in the onlooker often produces laughter. Caprice is really a kind of possession, and the devil may be a humorous one or not. Riotous high spirits, again, though they sometimes accompany a sense of humor, make no essential part of it; but they, too, are often confused by a large class of persons who have neither the one nor the other, and are consequently in a position of indiscriminate envy. Satire is, of course, a powerful moral agent, but it reforms those whom it chastises, and has no effect upon the producer. The kind of humor which acts as an antiseptic in the individual character is closely allied to common-sense and to the sense of proportion, and its effect is both intellectual and moral, penetrating into that not wholly explored region where the dominions of the mind and the soul touch. Half the sins and mistakes from which humor preserves its possessor are due to the immoderate exercise of the logical faculty. If a man is born with a narrow mind and a love of logic, he

must without a sense of humor become a fanatic, and the fanatic, unless he has an immense fund of benevolence to keep him harmless and theoretical, is apt to be cruel, and almost sure to be silly. A sense of humor preserves all who have it from extremes. It warns away from the confines of the petty and ridiculous, and produces very often the same tolerant effects as magnanimity, revealing through laughter that reasonable line of thought which was obscured by logic.

There can be no doubt that women have less sense of humor than men. Much humor in a woman is rare and remarkable. We do not think that Nature has provided them so meagrely with this antiseptic because they have fewer of the particular faults which humor neutralizes, but because they have another antiseptic quality in a far greater degree than men. The love of approbation is as common among women as humor among men, and as rare among men as humor among women. The temptation to say the unpalatable thing which, quite apart from dislike or anger, at times seems to attack the masculine mind seldom occurs to them, and when it does it denotes, not, as in men, a mere ebullition of the spirit of independence, but a real want of benevolence going down to the roots of the nature. Most women would rather be liked by every

one; very many wish for, and a few actually crave for, approbation. Many a woman, and no doubt some men, who are not by nature unselfish, and make no great effort to become so, will renounce their own wills in small matters solely to obtain the desired good, to the great advantage of their friends. The love of popularity is the great corrector of angularities, and helps to cultivate that indifference in small matters which is the best preservative of household peace; in fact, it provides scores of men and women with a working substitute for unselfishness, and if it does not remake the character, it does at least set up the habit of self-control.

But it may be said,—Surely the moral worth of these qualities can be easily exaggerated. Even if they should be found all three together in one character, the sum of them makes but a poor moral fortune. That depends, we think, entirely upon the age of the possessor. An old man thus endowed would be a pauper, but they make no bad equipment for a youth; indeed, they will enable him to pay his way down all the road to good citizenship. A sense of dignity and a love of approbation will make him long not to be found out, and humor may suggest, in despite of logic, that there is only one way never to be found out, and that is—not to do it.

The Spectator.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

J. M. Dent & Co. are about to publish a volume on Edinburgh by Oliphant Smeaton in their "Mediaeval Towns" series. The volume should be one of the most charming in a very delightful series.

The Funk & Wagnalls Company publish a volume on "The Church of

Christ," written by a layman whose identity is not disclosed, which engages attention by the directness and force of its style, and compels respect by its evident earnestness, whatever one may think of the writer's views. He examines the teachings of Christ and of the early church to ascertain what is fundamental to Christianity

and reaches the conclusion that the one foundation, the central or underlying truth in which the entire revelation from God to man centers and upon which it rests, is the truth that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that the confession of Christ in this sense is the one essential thing. Incidentally, he inquires into the nature and conditions of pardon, the significance of miracles and the possibilities of Christian unity.

The fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth volumes of "Early Western Travels" (The Arthur H. Clark Company) reproduce the second, third and fourth volumes respectively of Edwin James's narrative of Major Long's Expedition from Pittsburgh to the Rocky Mountains, which was made in the years 1819 and 1820. As was indicated in our notice of the first volume of this reprint Major Long's expedition, although it failed to accomplish the political ends which Congress had in view when it authorized it, was attended by remarkable personal experiences and adventures in the then almost untrodden regions which it traversed; and Mr. James's narrative presents vivid and striking pictures of conditions long since passed away and of a savage semi-civilization long since extinct. Mr. James was an eager and scientific observer alike of Nature and of human nature, and his reports of both are full of interest. The quaint illustrations and maps of the original edition are reproduced.

Whoever turns over the pages of Francesco Matarazzo's "Chronicles of the City of Perugia," as translated by Edward Strachan Morgan and published by E. P. Dutton & Co., straightway finds the noise and confusion of latter-day civilization growing faint and far in his ears, while he sees passing before him cavaliers and ladies, the

monks and soldiers of three centuries ago in the picturesque Italian city. For it is the charm of this old chronicler that he makes his personages live again in his pages. Not very moral were they, nor very scrupulous about others' rights, but they were very much alive and Matarazzo's pictures of them are full of animation. Matarazzo was not greatly concerned about style; he wrote straight on, with simple directness, of the things which he saw; and his narrative has in it material for a dozen romances and is itself as interesting as a romance. J. M. Dent & Co. are the London publishers, and the typography is of the exquisite sort which we have come to expect in their publications.

The latest play in the "First Folio" edition of Shakespeare's works, edited by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke, and published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., is *Hamlet*. Each new volume of this charming edition increases the reader's sense of obligation to editors and publishers. The chief distinction of the edition is conveyed in the title. It reproduces with scrupulous exactness the rare "First Folio" and brings the student therefore nearest to the original source and shows him just what the author actually wrote. Misprints, eccentric spellings and punctuation are reproduced, but with them go explanations and comparative readings, conveniently arranged in such a manner as to be clearly distinguishable from the original text. The reader is given therefore simultaneously the first text and all the fruits of the scholarship which has been expended on its illumination, and this in a volume of modest size and dainty typography. For fuller study are supplied at the end of the volume a glossary, variorum readings, literary illustrations and selected criticisms.